

THE

W. D. Alcock
Tunbridge Wells.

CHACE.

1486. eee. 18
A

POEM.

To which is added,

HOBBINOL, or *The Rural Games*:

A Burlesque POEM, in Blank Verse.

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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THE

H O A T T O

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F

Introduction to the Study of
Agricultural Economics

Agricultural Economics
A. W. Mann, Editor

Introduction to the Study of
Agricultural Economics

Editorial

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Agricultural Economics
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THE
C H A C E.
A
P O E M.

Neo tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.

VIRG. Georg. III.

*Romanis solenne viris opus, utile fame,
Viteque, & membris.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ep. xviii.



3 H D P

2 A

P R E F A C E.

THE Old and Infirm have at least this Privilege, that they can recall to their Minds those Scenes of Joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past Pleasures, with a Satisfaction almost equal to the first Enjoyment. For those Ideas, to which any agreeable Sensation is annexed, are easily excited; as leaving behind them the most strong and permanent Impressions. The Amusements of our Youth are the Boast and Comfort of our declining Years. The Ancients carried this Notion even yet further, and supposed their Heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same Diversions they exercised on Earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed Sports and Gayeties of Life.

*Pars in gramineis exercent Membra palæstris,
Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ :
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Arma procul currusque virûm miratur inanes.
Stant terrâ defixa hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.*

VIRG. Æneid. vi.

Part on the grassy Cirque their pliant Limbs
In Wrestling exercise, or on the Sands
Struggling dispute the Prize. Part lead the Ring,
Or swell the Chorus with alternate Lays.
The Chief their Arms admires, their empty Cars,
Their Lances fix'd in Earth. Th' unharness'd Steeds
Graze unrestrain'd; Horses, and Cars, and Arms,
All the same fond Desires, and pleasing Cares,
Still haunt their Shades, and after Death survive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious Part of Mankind) if at my leisure Hours, I run over, in my Elbow-chair, some of those Chaces, which were once the Delight of a more vigorous Age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent Amusement. The Result of these rambling Imaginations will be found in the following Poem; which if equally diverting to my Readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my End. I have intermixed the preceptive Parts with so many Descriptions and Digressions in the Georgic Manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any Gentleman, who would enjoy this noble Sport in full Perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their Patience more than *Markham, Blome, and the other Prose Writets* upon this Subject.

IT is most certain, that Hunting was the Exercise of the greatest Heroes in Antiquity. By this they formed themselves for War; and their Exploits against Wild Beasts were a Prelude to their future Victories. *Xenophon* says, that almost all the ancient Heroes, *Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles,*

Actilles, &c. were *Μαθηται Κυνηγοι*, Disciples of Hunting; being taught carefully that Art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military Discipline. *Xen. Cynegetic.* And *Pliny* observes, those who were designed for great Captains, were first taught *certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu*: “to contest with the swiftest Wild Beasts, in Speed; with the boldest, in Strength; with the most cunning, in Craft and Subtilty.” *Plin. Panegyr.* And the Roman Emperors, in those Monuments they erected to transmit their Actions to future Ages, made no scruple to join the Glories of the Chace to their most celebrated Triumphs. Neither were their Poets wanting to do Justice to this heroic Exercise. Beside that of *Oppian* in *Greek*, we have several Poems in *Latin* upon Hunting. *Gratius* was Contemporary with *Ovid*; as appears by this Verse,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

Lib. iv. Pont.

Gratius shall arm the Huntsman for the Chace.

But of his Works only some Fragments remain. There are many others of more modern Date. Amongst these *Nemesianus*, who seems very much superior to *Gratius*, though of a more degenerate Age. But only a Fragment of his First Book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by *Virgil* in his Third Georgick, since it is expressly Part of his Subject: But he has favoured us only with ten Verses; and what he says of Dogs, relates wholly to Greyhounds and Mastiffs:

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum.

Geor. iii.

The Greyhound swift, and Mastiff's furious Breed.

And he directs us to feed them with Butter-milk. *Pasce Sero pingui.* He has, it is true, touched upon the Chace in the ivth and viith Books of the ÆNEID. But it is evident, that the Art of Hunting is very different now, from what it was in his Days, and very much altered and improved in these latter Ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any Notion of pursuing Wild Beasts by the Scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined Pack of Hounds; and therefore they must have passed for Poachers amongst our modern Sportsmen. The Muster-roll given us by Ovid, in his Story of *Actæon*, is of all Sorts of Dogs, and of all Countries. And the Description of the ancient Hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of *Pere de Montfaucon* taken from the Sepulchre of the *Nasos*, and the Arch of *Constantine*, has not the least Trace of the Manner now in Use.

WHENEVER the Ancients mention Dogs followed by the Scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the Nose of one single Dog. This was as much as they knew of the *Odora canum vis.* Thus *Nemesianus* says,

*Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.*

They challenge on the Mead the recent Stains,
And trail the Hare unto her secret Form.

Oppian has a long Description of these Dogs in his First Book, from № 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the Hunting of the Hare by the Scent through many Turnings and Windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those Hounds, which he calls *ixvōtrīges*, finds out the Game. For he follows

follows the Scent no further than the Hare's Form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by Sight. I am indebted for these two last Remarks to a reverend and very learned Gentleman, whose Judgment in the *Belles Lettres* No-body disputes, and whose Approbation gave me the Assurance to publish this Poem.

OPPIAN also observes, that the best Sort of these Finders were brought from *Britain*; this Island having always been famous (as it is at this Day) for the best Breed of Hounds, for Persons the best skill'd in the Art of Hunting, and for Horses the most enduring to follow the Chace. It is therefore strange that none of our Poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this Subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful Turns of Poetry. Perhaps our Poets have no great Genius for Hunting. Yet, I hope, my Brethren of the Couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, Essay, will shew the World they have at least some Taste for Poetry.

THE Ancients esteemed Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike Exercise, but as highly conducive to Health. The famous *Galen* recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the Body, but giving Delight and Entertainment to the Mind. And he calls the Inventors of this Art wise Men, and well skilled in human Nature. *Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.*

THE Gentlemen, who are fond of a Gingle at the Close of every Verse, and think no Poem truly musical but what is in Rhime, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short Preface before the *Paradise lost*, Mr. Smith's Poem in Memory of his Friend Mr. John Philips, and

and the Archbishop of *Cambray's* Letter to *Monsieur Fontenelle*, they may probably be of another Opinion. For my own Part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the Example of *Milton*, *Philips*, *Thomson*, and all our best tragick Writers.

SOME few Terms of Art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my Subject. I hope in this the Criticks will excuse me; for I am humbly of Opinion, that the Affectation, and not the necessary Use, is the proper Object of their Censure.

BUT I have done. I know the Impatience of my Brethren, when a fine Day, and the Confort of the Kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my Reader to such Diversion, as he may find in the Poem itself.

En age, Segnes,

Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron;

Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. Georg. III.

Hark, away,

Cast far behind the lingring Cares of Life.

Cithaeron calls aloud, and in full Cry

Thy Hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains

For us the gen'rous Steed; the Hunter's Shouts,

And clearing Cries, assenting Woods return.



TO

TO THE CHAPEL OF THE DAY

TO
WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, Esq;

ON HIS POEM CALLED

THE CHAPEL

WHILE you, Sir, gain the Steep Ascent to
Fame,

And Honours due to deathless Merit claim ;

To a weak Muse a kind Indulgence lend,

Fond with just Praise your Labours to commend,

And tell the World, that SOMERVILLE's her Friend.

Her Incense, guiltless of the Forms of Art,

Breathes all the Huntsman's Honesty of Heart ;

Whose Fancy still the pleasing Scene retains

Of Edric's Villa, and Ardenna's Plains :

Joys, which from Change superior Charms receiv'd,

The Horn hoarse sounding by the Lyre reliev'd :

When the Day crown'd with rural chaste Delight,

Resigns obsequious to the festive Night ;

John Milton

The

The festive Night awakes th' harmonious Lay,
And in sweet Verse recounts the Triumphs of the Day.

Strange! that the *British* Muse should leave so long
The **CHACE**, the Sport of *Britain's* Kings, unsung!
Distinguish'd Land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The stout, sagacious Hound, and gen'rous Steed;
In vain! while yet no Bard adorn'd our Isle,
To celebrate the glorious sylvan Toil.
For this what darling Son shall feel thy Fire,
God of th' unerring Bow, and tuneful Lyre?
Our Vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal Throng,
Somerville meditates th' advent'rous Song.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,
His num'rous Verse the Huntsman's Art shall tell.
From him, ye *British* Youths, a vig'rous Race,
Imbibe the various Science of the Chace;
And while the well-plan'd System you admire,
Know **BRUNSWICK** only could the Work inspire;
A **Georgic** Muse awaits **AUGUSTAN** Days,
And *Somerviles* will sing, when **FREDERICS** give the
Bays.

JOHN NIXON.

A D D R E S S E D
 TO THE
 A U T H O R
 O F
 The C H A C E.

ONCE more, my Friend, I touch the trembling
 Lyre, has hood behind me, and sister to the
 And in my Bosom feel poetick Fire.
 For thee I quit the Law's more rugged Ways,
 To pay my humble Tribute to thy Lays,
 What, tho' I daily turn each learned Sage,
 And labour thro' the unenlighten'd Page:
 Wak'd by thy Lines, the borrow'd Flames I feel,
 As Flints give Fire when aided by the Steel.

Tho'

Tho' in sulphureous Clouds of Smoke confin'd,
 Thy rural Scenes spring fresh into my Mind.
 Thy Genius in such Colours paints the Chace,
 The real to fictitious Joys give place.
 When the wild Musick charms my ravish'd Ear,
 How dull, how tasteless *Handel's* Notes appear!
 Even *Farenelli's* Self the Palm resigns,
 He yields—but to the Musick of thy Lines.
 If Friends to Poetry can yet be found,
 Who, without blushing, Sense prefer to Sound;
 Then let this soft, this Soul-enfeebling Band,
 These warbling Minstrels quit the beggar'd Land.
 They but a momentary Joy impart,
 'Tis you, who touch the Soul, and warm the Heart.
 How tempting do thy sylvan Sports appear!
 Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an Ear,
 Might her fond Lust of Pow'r a-while compose,
 And gladly change it for thy sweet Repose.
 No fierce, unruly Senates threaten here,
 No Axe, no Scaffold, to the View appear,
 No Envy, Disappointment, and Despair.



Here (blest Vicissitude!) whene'er you please,
 You step from Exercise to learned Ease ;
 Turn o'er each Clasick Page, each Beauty trace,
 The Mind unwearied in the pleasing Chace.
 Oh! would kind Heav'n such Happiness bestow,
 Let Fools, let Knaves, be Masters here below.
 Grandeur and Place, those Baits to catch the Wise,
 And all their pageant Train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

The

classis novis aperte (obligatio in field) eae
; etiam hanc etiam aperte (obligatio in field) eae
Yon regis aperte (obligatio in field) eae

The ARGUMENT of the First Book.

THE Subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpolished Manner of the first Hunters. Beasts at first hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beasts, &c. The regular Manner of Hunting first brought into this Island by the Normans. The best Hounds and best Horses bred here. The Advantage of this Exercise to us, as Islanders. Address to Gentlemen of Estates. Situation of the Kennel and its several Courts. The Diversion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chase. Description of a perfect Hound. Of sizing and sorting of Hounds; the middle-sized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Use on the Borders of England and Scotland. A Physical Account of Scents. Of good and bad scenting Days. A short Admonition to my Brethren of the Couples.



C H A C E.**P O E M.**

THE Chace I sing, Hounds, and their various
Breed, And no less various Use. O thou Great Prince!
Whom Cambria's tow'ring Hills proclaim their Lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive Song.
While grateful Citizens with pompous Show
Rear the triumphal Arch, rich with th' Exploits
Of thy illustrious House; while Virgins pave
Thy Way with Flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth
Passing they view, admire, and figh in vain:
While crowded Theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotick Minstrels, and shrill Pipes,

The Price of Manhood, hail thee with a Song,
And Airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding Horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the Sport of Kings;
Image of War, without its Guilt. The Muse 15
Aloft on Wing shall soar, conduct with Care
Thy foaming Courser o'er the steepy Rock,
Or on the River Bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the Wave, from Shore to Shore.
Be thou our great Protector, gracious Youth! 20
And if in future Times, some envious Prince,
Careless of Right and guileful, shou'd invade
Thy *Britain's* Commerce, or shou'd strive in vain
To wrest the Balance from thy equal Hand;
Thy Hunter-Train, in chearful Green array'd, 25
(A Band undaunted, and inur'd to Toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy Feet,
Or hew thy Passage thro' th'embattled Foe,
And clear thy Way to Fame; inspir'd by thee
The nobler Chace of Glory shall pursue 30
Thro' Fire, and Smoke, and Blood, and Fields of
Death.



NATURE,

NATURE, in her Productions slow, aspires
By just Degrees to reach Perfection's Height:
So mimick Art works leisurely, 'till Time
Improve the Piece, or wise Experience give
The proper Finishing. When *Nimrod* bold,
That mighty Hunter, first made War on Beasts,
And stain'd the Wood-land Green with purple Dye,
New and unpolish'd was the Huntsman's Art,
No stated Rule; his wanton Will his Guide.
With Clubs and Stones, rude Implements of War,
He arm'd his savage Bands; a Multitude
Untrain'd; of twining Osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless Toils, then range the desert Hills,
And scowr the Plains below; the trembling Herd
Start at th'unusual Sound, and clam'rous Shout
Unheard before; surpriz'd, alas! to find
Man now their Foe, whom erst they deem'd their Lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the Plain
Wide-wasting, and grim Slaughter red with Blood:
Urg'd on by Hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their Rage licentious knows no Bound; at last

Incumber'd with their Spoils, joyful they bear
 Upon their Shoulders broad the bleeding Prey. 55
 Part on their Altars smokes a Sacrifice
 To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous Hand
 Supports his wide Creation; what remains
 On living Coals they broil, inelegant
 Of Taste, nor skill'd as yet in finer Arts 60
 Of pamper'd Luxury. Devotion pure,
 And strong Necessity, thus first began
 The Chace of Beasts: Tho' bloody was the Deed,
 Yet without Guilt. For, the green Herb alone
 Unequal to sustain Man's lab'ring Race, 65
 Now ev'ry moving Thing that liv'd on Earth
 Was granted him for Food. So just is Heav'n,
 To give us in proportion to our Wants.

O R Chance or Industry in After-Times
 Some few Improvements made, but short as yet 70
 Of due Perfection. In this Isle remote
 Our painted Ancestors were slow to learn,
 To Arms devote, of the politer Arts

* Gen. Chap. ix. ver. 3.

Nor skill'd nor studious; 'till from *Neustria's* Coasts
Victorious *William*, to more decent Rules 75
Subdu'd our *Saxon* Fathers, taught to speak
The proper Dialect, with Horn and Voice
To chear the busy Hound, whose well-known Cry
His list'ning Peers approve with joint Acclaim.
From him successive Huntsmen learn'd to join 80
In bloody social Leagues, the Multitude
Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various Tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the Pack.

HAIL, happy *Britain*! highly favour'd Isle,
And Heav'n's peculiar Care! To thee 'tis giv'n 85
To train the sprightly Steed, more fleet than those
Begot by Winds, or the celestial Breed
That bore the great *Pelides* thro' the *Preis*
Of Heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded Ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the Sun begins 90
Chearful his Course; and e'er his Beams decline,
Has measur'd half thy Surface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty!
Is bred the perfect Hound, in Scents and Speed.

As yet unrivall'd, while in other Climes 195
Their Virtue fails, a weak degen'rate Race,
In vain malignant Steams, and Winter Fogs
Load the dull Air, and hover round our Coasts,
The Huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious Vapour, and confides 200
In this delightful Exercise, to raise
His drooping Herd, and cheer his Heart with Joy,

YE vig'rous Youths, by smiling Fortune blest
With large Demesnes, hereditary Wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise Fore-Fathers Care, 205
Hear and attend! while I the Means reveal
T' enjoy those Pleasures, for the Weak too strong,
Too costly for the Poor: To rein the Steed
Swift-stretching o'er the Plain, to cheer the Pack
Op'ning in Consorts of harmonious Joy, 210
But breathing Death. What tho' the Gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow Disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry Vein, and Nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd Frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a Mountain Aln, that braves the Bolts 215

Of angry *Jove*; tho' blasted, yet unfall'n;
Still can my Soul in Fancy's Mirrour view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous Scene
In all its Splendors deck'd, o'er the full Bowl
Recount my Triumphs past, urge others on 120
With Hand and Voice, and point the winding Way:
Pleas'd with that social sweet Garrulity,
The poor disbanded Vet'ran's sole Delight.

FIRST let the Kennel be the Huntsman's Care,
Upon some little Eminence erect, 125
And fronting to the ruddy Dawn; its Courts
On either Hand wide op'ning to receive
The Sun's all-chearing Beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the Mountain Tops. For much the Pack
(Rous'd from their dark Alcoves) delight to stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating Ray: 131
Warn'd by the streaming Light, and merry Lark,
Forth rush the jolly Clan; with tuneful Throats
They carol loud, and in grand Chorus join'd
Salute the new-born Day. For not alone 135
The Vegetable World, but Men and Brutes

Own his reviving Influence, and joy
At his Approach. Fountain of Light! if chance
Some envious Cloud veil thy resplendent Brow,
In vain the Muses aid; untouched, unstrung,
Lies my mute Harp, and thy desponding Bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th'unfinish'd Lay.

LET no Corinthian Pillars prop the Dome,
A vain Expence, on charitable Deeds
Better dispos'd, to cloath the tatter'd Wretch,
Who shrinks beneath the Blast, to feed the Poor
Pinch'd with afflictive Want: For Use, not State,
Gracefully plain, let each Apartment rise,
O'er all let Cleanliness preside, no Scraps
Besprew the Pavement, and no half-pick'd Bones,
To kindle fierce Debate, or to disgust
That nicer Sense, on which the Sportsman's Hope,
And all his future Triumphs must depend,
Soon as the growling Pack with eager Joy
Have lapp'd their smoaking Viands, Morn or Eve,
From the full Cistern lead the ductile Streams,
To wash thy Coat well-pav'd, nor spare thy Pains,

For

For much to Health will Cleanliness avail. 1600
Seek'st thou for Hounds to climb the rocky Steps,
And brush th' entangled Covert, whose nice Scents 160
O'er greasy Fallows, and frequented Roads,
Can pick the dubious Way? Banish far off
Each noisome Stench, let no offensive Smell
Invade thy wide Inclosure, but admit
The nitrous Air, and purifying Breeze. 165

WATER and Shade no less demand thy Care.

In a large Square th' adjacent Field inclose, 1650
There plant in equal Ranks the spreading Elm,
Or fragrant Lime; most happy thy Design;
If at the Bottom of thy spacious Court 170
A large Canal fed by the crystal Brook
From its transparent Bosom shall reflect
Thy downward Structure and inverted Grove.
Here when the Sun's too potent Gleams annoy
The crowded Kennel, and the drooping Pack, 175
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd Tongues,
And drop their feeble Tails; to cooler Shades
Lead forth the panting Tribe; soon shalt thou find

The cordial Breeze their fainting Hearts revive: 101
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the Stream, 180
There lave their reeking Sides, with greedy Joy
Gulp down the flying Wave, this Way and that 100
From Shore to Shore they swim, while Clamour loud
And wild Uproar torments the troubled Flood:
Then on the sunny Bank they roll and stretch 185
Their dripping Limbs, or else in wanton Rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursu'd,
The merry Multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant Eyes
Attend their Frolics, which too often end 190
In bloody Broils and Death. High o'er thy Head
Wave thy resounding Whip, and with a Voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern Debate,
And quench their kindling Rage; for oft in Sport
Begun, Combat ensues, growling they snarl, 195
Then on their Haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's Throats, with Teeth, and Claws, in Gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, 'till on the Ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd Champion lies.

and

Then

Book I. THE CHOICE.

Then sudden all the base ignoble Crowd
Loud-clam'ring seize the helpless warr'd Witch,
And, thirsting for his Blood, drag diff'rent Ways
His mangled Carcass on th' ensanguin'd Plain.
O Breasts of Pity void! to oppress the Weak,
To point your Vengeance at the friendless Head,
And with one mutual Cry insult the Fall'n!
Emblem too just of Man's degen'rate Race.

OTHERS apart by native Instinct led,
Knowing Instructor! 'mong the ranker Grass
Cull each salubrious Plant, with bitter Juice 210
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious Ferment. Thus the Hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his Creatures, for the Brutes prescribes
A ready Remedy, and is himself 215
Their great Physician. Now grown stiff with Age,
And many a painful Chase, the wise old Hound,
Regardless of the frolick Pack, attends
His Master's Side, or slumbers at his Ease
Beneath the bending Shade, there many a Ring 220

Runs

Runs o'er in Dreams; how on the doubtful Field
 Puzzles perplex'd, or Doubles intricate
 Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his Speed,
 Bounds o'er the Lawn to seize his panting Prey:
 And in imperfect Whimp'ring speaks his Joy. 223

A different Hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chace
 Select with Judgment; nor the tim'rous Hare
 O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile Offence
 To the mean, murd'rous, coursing Crew, intent
 On Blood and Spoil. O blast! their Hopes, just
 • Heav'n! 230
 And all their painful Drudgeries repay
 With Disappointment and severe Remorse.
 But husband thou thy Pleasures, and give Scope
 To all her subtle Play: By Nature led
 A thousand Shifts she tries; t' unravel these 235
 Th' industrious Beagle twists his waving Tail,
 Thro' all her Labyrinths pursues, and rings
 Her doleful Knell. Set there with Count'nance blith,
 And with a courtly Grin, the fawning Hound
 Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide opening Nose 240
 Runs Upward

Upward he curls, and his large Sloe-black Eyes
Melt in soft Blandishments, and humble Joy; 1
His glossy Skin, or Yellow-py'd, or blue,
In Lights or Shades by Nature's Pencil drawn,
Reflects the various Tints; his Ears and Legs 245
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamell'd Pride,
Rival the speckled Pard; his Rush-grown Tail
O'er his broad Back bends in an ample Arch,
On Shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round Cat Foot, strait Hams, and wide-spreade 250
Thighs, 255
And his low-dropping Chest, confess his Speed,
His Strength, his Wind, or on the steepy Hill,
Or far extended Plain; in ev'ry Part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer Skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy Choice. 260
Of such compose thy Pack. But here a Mean
Observe, nor the large Hound prefer, of Size
Gigantick; he in the thick-woven Covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny Brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: But if too small, 265
The pigmy Brood in ev'ry Furrow swims;

Moil'd

Moil'd in the clogging Clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shiv'ring creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring Thorn.
For Hounds of middle Size, active and strong, 265
Will better answer all thy various Ends,
And crown thy pleasing Labours with Success.

As some brave Captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd Standard forms in equal Ranks
His gay Battalion, as one Man they move 270
Step after Step, their Size the same, their Arms,
Fat-gleaming, dart the same united Blaze:
Reviewing Generals his Merit own;
How regular! How just! And all his Cares
Are well repaid, if mighty G E O R G E approve. 275
So model thou thy Pack, if Honour touch
Thy gen'rous Soul, and the World's just Applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy Hounds
Of diff'rent Kinds; discordant Sounds shall grate
Thy Ears offended, and a lagging Line 280
Of babling Curs disgrace thy broken Pack.
But if th' amphibious Otter be thy Chace,

Or stately Stag, that o'er the Woodland reigns; 281
Or if th' harmonious Thunder of the Field 282
Delight thy ravish'd Ears; the deep-flew'd Hound
Bred up with Care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure; 283
Whose Ears down-hanging from his thick round Head
Shall sweep the Morning Dew, whose clanging Voice
Awake the Mountain Echo in her Cell, 284
And shake the Forests: The bold Talbot Kind. 285
Of these the Prime, as white as *Alpine* Snows; 286
And great their Use of old. Upon the Banks
Of *Tweed*, flow-winding thro' the Vale, the Seat
Of War and Rapine once, e'er *Britons* knew. 287
The Sweets of Peace, or *Anna's* dread Commands. 288
To lasting League the haughty Rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pil'ring Race, well-train'd and skill'd
In all the Mysteries of Theft, the Spoil
Their only Substance, Feuds and War their Sport; 289
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent Art. 290
Th' Arch Felon was of old, who by the Tail
Drew back his lowing Prize: In vain his Wiles,
In vain the Shelter of the cov'ring Rock,

Cacus. Virg. AEn. Lib. VIII.

In

In vain the sooty Cloud, and ruddy Flames
That issu'd from his Mouth; for soon he paid ³¹⁰ 10
His forfeit Life: A Debt how justly due
To wrong'd *Alcides*, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the Shades of Night they ford the Stream,
Then proling far and near, what'er they seize ³¹⁵ 11
Becomes their Prey, nor Flocks nor Herds are safe, ³²⁰ 12
Nor Stalls protect the Steer, nor strong barr'd Doors
Secure the favorite Horse. Soon as the Morn ³²⁵ 13
Reveals his Wrongs, with ghastly Vilege wan ³³⁰ 14
The plunder'd Owner stands, and from his Lips ³³⁵ 15
A thousand thronging Curses burst their Way: ³⁴⁰ 16
He calls his stout Allies, and in a Line ³⁴⁵ 17
His faithful Hound he leads, then with a Voice ³⁵⁰ 18
That utters loud his Rage, attentive chears; ³⁵⁵ 19
Soon the sagacious Brute, his curling Tail ³⁶⁰ 20
Flourish'd in Air, low-bending flies around ³⁶⁵ 21
His busy Nose, the steaming Vapour snuffs ³⁷⁰ 22
Inquisitive, nor leaves one Turf untry'd, ³⁷⁵ 23
Till conscious of the recent Stains, his Heart ³⁸⁰ 24
Beats quick; his snuffling Nose, his active Tail ³⁸⁵ 25
Attest his Joy; then with deep op'ning Mouth ³⁹⁰ 26
That

That makes the Welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious Felon; Foot by Foot he marks
His winding Way, while all the lift'ning Crowd
Applaud his Reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry Ford,
Dry sandy Heaths, and stony barren Hills, 330
O'er beaten Paths, with Men and Beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; 'till at the Cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty Throat
The Caitif vile, redeems the captive Prey:
So exquisitely delicate his Sense! 335

SHOU'D some more curious Sportsman here enquire,
Whence this Sagacity, this wond'rous Pow'r
Of tracing Step by Step or Man or Brute?
What Guide invisible points out their Way
O'er the dank Marsh, bleak Hill, and sandy Plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark Cause reveal. 341
The Blood that from the Heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson Tide, then here and there
In smaller Rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous Particles evade 345
Thro' th' open Pores, and with the ambient Air
Entangling

Entangling mix. As fuming Vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling Brook,
There, by th' incumbent Atmosphere compress'd,
The panting Chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the Net-work of the Skin perspires,
Leaves a long-streaming Trail behind, which by
The cooler Air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude Storm dispers'd, or rarify'd
By the Meridian Sun's intenser Heat,
To ev'ry Shrub the warm Effluvia cling,
Hang on the Grass, impregnate Earth and Skies.
With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er Hill, o'er Dale,
The vig'rous Hounds pursue, with ev'ry Breath
Inhale the grateful Steam, quick Pleasures sting
Their tingling Nerves, while they their Thanks repay,
And in triumphant Melody confess
The titillating Joy. Thus on the Air
Depend the Hunter's Hopes. When ruddy Streaks
At Eve forebode a blust'ring stormy Day,
Or low'ring Clouds blacken the Mountain's Brow;
When nipping Frosts, and the keen biting Blasts
Of the dry parching East, menace the Trees
With

With tender Blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping Pack, in their warm Beds of Straw 370
Low-sinking at their Ease's lifeless they shrink
Into some dark Recess, nor hear thy Voice
Tho' oft invit'd, or haply if thy Call
Rouze up the slumb'ring Tribe, with heavy Eyes
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their Tails
Inverted, high on their bent Backs erect 376
Their pointed Bristles stare, or 'mong the Tufts
Of ranker Weeds, each Stomach-healing Plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.

These inauspicious Days, on other Cares 380
Employ thy precious Hours; th' improving Friend
With open Arms embrace, and from his Lips
Glean Science, season'd with good-natur'd Wit.
But if th' inclement Skies, and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing Intercourse, thy Books 385
Invite thy ready Hand, each sacred Page
Rich with the wise Remarks of Heroes old.
Converse familiar with th' illustrious Dead;
With great Examples of old *Greece* or *Rome*
Enlarge thy free-born Heart, and bless kind Heav'n,

'That *Britain* yet enjoys dear *Liberty*, 391
That Balm of Life, that sweetest Blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd wih our Blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy Calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless saunt'ring Youth, proud of the Skut 395
That dignifies his Cap, his flourish'd Belt,
And rusty Couples gingling by his Side.
Be thou of other Mold; and know that such
Transporting Pleasures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wisdom's Relief, and Virtue's great Reward. 400

The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF the Power of Instinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Instances in the Hunting of the Roe-buck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Season, Weather, or Wind. Description of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interspers'd with Rules to be observ'd by those who follow that Chace. Transition to the Asiatick Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the History of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short Reproof of Tyrants and Oppressors of Mankind.

BOOK the Second.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive Sage
To observe that Instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal Race, which mimicks Reason's Lore,
And oft transcends: Heav'n-taught the Roe-buck swift
Loiters at Ease before the driving Pack, 5
And mocks their vain Pursuit, nor far he flies
But checks his Ardour, 'till the steaming Scent
That freshens on the Blade, provokes their Rage.
Urg'd to their Speed, his weak deluded Foes
Soon flag fatigu'd; strain'd to Excess each Nerve, 10
Each slacken'd Sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the Lawn he bounds, o'er the high Hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd Crowd
To puzzle in the distant Vale below.

Tis

"Tis Instinct that directs the jealous Hare
To chuse her soft Abode: With Step revers'd
She forms the doubling Maze; then, e'er the Morn
Peeps thro' the Clouds, leaps to her close Reefs.

As wand'ring Shepherds on th' Arabian Plains
No settled Residence observe, but shift

Their moving Camp, now, on some cooler Hill
With Cedars crown'd, court the refreshing Breeze;
And then, below, where trickling Streams distill
From some penurious Source, their Thirst allay,

And feed their fainting Flocks: So the wise Hares
Oft quit their Seats, lest some more curious Eye
Shou'd mark their Haunts, and by dark treach'rous wiles
Plot their Destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous Forage, near the ranker Mead,
Or matted Blade, wary, and close they fit.

When Spring shines forth, Season of Love and Joy,
In the moist Marsh, 'mong Beds of Rushes hid,
They cool their boiling Blood: When Summer Suns
Bake the cleft Earth, to thick wide-waving Fields
Of Corn full-grown, they lead their helpless Young:

But when autumnal Torrents, and fierce Rains 136
Deluge the Vale, in the dry crumbling Bank
Their Forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping Covert: Yet when Winter's Cold 1959
Their Limbs benumbs, thither with Speed return'd
In the long Grass they skulk, or shrinking creep 41
Among the wither'd Leaves; thus changing still,
As Fancy prompts them, or as Food invites.
But ey'ry Season carefully observ'd,
Th' inconstant Winds, the fickle Element, 45
The wise experienc'd Huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various Game, nor waste in vain
His tedious Hours, 'till his impatient Hounds,
With Disappointment vex'd, each springing Lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the Fields. 50

Now golden Autumn from her open Lap 10
Her fragrant Bounties show'rs; the Fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling the proud Farmer views
The rising Pyramids that grace his Yard, 100
And counts his large Increase; his Barns are stor'd, 55
And groaning Staddles bend beneath their Load.

All now is free as Air, and the gay Pack 11AH
In the rough bristly Stubbles range unblam'd; 12ICP
No Widow's Tears o'erflow, no secret Curse 13O
Swells in the Farmer's Breast, which his pale Lips 14O
Trembling conceal, by his fierce Landlord aw'd; 15P
But courteous now he levels ev'ry Fence, 16O
Joins in the common Cry, and hollows loud, 17P
Charm'd with the rattling Thunder of the Field. 18P
Oh bear me, some kind Pow'r invisible! 19O 65
To that extended Lawn, where the gay Court 20P
View the swift Racers stretching to the Goal; 21O 66
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler Train, 22P
Than proud *Elean* Fields could boast of old. 23O 67
Oh! were a *Theban* Lyre not wanting here, 24P 70
And *Pindar*'s Voice, to do their Merit right! 25P
Or to those spacious Plains, where the strain'd Eye,
In the wide Prospect lost, beholds at last 26P 71
Sarum's proud Spire, that o'er the Hills ascends, 27O 72
And pierces through the Clouds. Or to thy Downs, 28P 73
Fair *Cotswold*, where the well-breath'd Beagle climbs,
With matchless Speed, thy green aspiring Brow, 29P 74
And leaves the lagging Multitude behind. 30O 75

HAIL,

HAIL, gentle Dawn! Mild blushing Goddess, hail! A
Rejoic'd I see thy purple Mantle spread ^{and cover'd} 80
O'er half the Skies, Gems pave thy radiant Way, ^W
And Orient Pearls from ev'ry Shrub depend. ^{ni all the} 85
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in Down ^{gilding} T
Slumber secure, with happy Dreams amus'd, ^{But cent'ry}
Till grateful Steams shall tempt thee to receive. ^{as 85.}
Thy early Meal, or thy officious Maids, ^{C perh. with}
The Toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform ^{used dO}
Th' important Work. Me other Joys invite, ^{int'l oT}
The Horn sonorous calls, the Pack awak'd ^{int'l wV}
Their Mattins chant, nor brook my long Delay. 90
My Courser hears their Voice; see there with Ears
And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground;
Fierce Rapture kindles in his redding Eyes, ^{int'l haA}
And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys, ^{strol's of}
Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns 95
Of Pedagogues severe, from their hard Tasks
If once dismiss'd, no Limits can contain ^{Doubtless a comp. bA}
The Tumult rais'd within their little Breasts, ^{int'l giB}
But give a Loose to all their frolick Play:
So from their Kennel rush the joyous Pack; 100

A thou-

A thousand wanton **Gayeties** express
Their inward **Extasy**, their pleasing **Sport**
Once more indulg'd, and **Liberty** restor'd,
The rising **Sun**, that o'er the **Horizon** peeps,
As many **Colours** from their **glossy Skins** 195
Beaming reflects, as paint the various **Bow**
When *April Show'r*'s descend. **Delightful Scene!**
Where all around is **gay**, **Men**, **Horses**, **Dogs**,
And in each **smiling Countenance** appears
Fresh-blooming **Health**, and **universal Joy**. 210

HUNTSMAN, lead on! behind, the **clust'ring Pack**
Submiss attend, hear with **Respect** thy **Whip**
Loud-clanging, and thy **harsher Voice** obey:
Spare not the **straggling Cur**, that **wildly roves**,
But let thy **brisk Assistant** on his **Back** 215
Imprint thy **just Resentments**; let each **Lash**
Bite to the **Quick**, 'till howling he return,
And **whining** creep amid the **trembling Crowd**.

HERE, on this **verdant Spot**, where **Nature** kind
With double **Blessings** crowns the **Farmer's Hopes**;
Where **Flow'r**'s **autumnal spring**, and the **rank Mead**
Affords

Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repast ;
Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring Dew.
If some stanch Hound, with his authentick Voice,
Avow the recent Trail, the justling Tribe
Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry
The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills
Repeat the pleasing Tale. See how they thread
The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along !
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager Haste ; then o'er the fallow'd Ground
How leisurely they work, and many a Pause
Th' harmonious Consort breaks ; 'till more assur'd
With Joy redoubled the low Valleys ring.
What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way !
Ah ! there she lies ; how close ! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,
With Horror seiz'd. The wither'd Grafs that clings
Around her Head, of the same russet Hue,
Almost deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes
With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd.
At Distance draw thy Pack, let all be hush'd,

No Clameur loud, no frantick Joy be heard,
Left the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain 145
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.
Now gently put her off; See how direct
To her known Mews she flies! Here, Huntsman, bring
(But without Hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150
And seem to plough the Ground! then all at once
With greedy Nostrils snuff the fuming Steam
That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let loose
From the dark Caverns of the blust'ring God,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy Lawn. 155
Hope gives them Wings, while she's spur'd on by Fear.
The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and Woods
In the full Confort join. Now, my brave Youths,
Stripp'd for the Chace, give all your Souls to Joy!
See how their Coursers, than the Mountain Roe 160
More fleet, the verdant Carpet skim, thick Clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining Hoofs scarce print
The Grafs unbruise'd; with Emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,
O'er the deep Ditch exulting bound, and brush 165

The

The Thorny-twining Hedge : The Riders bend
 O'er their arch'd Necks ; with steady Hands, by turns
 Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.
 Where are their Sorrows, Disappointments, Wrongs,
 Vexations, Sickness, Cares ? All, all are gone, and off to
 And with the panting Winds lag far behind.

HUNTSMAN ! her Gait observe, if in wide Rings
 She wheel her mazy Way, in the same Round
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten Track.
 But if she fly, and with the fav'ring Wind 175
 Urge her bold Course ; less intricate thy Task :
 Push on thy Pack. Like some poor exil'd Wretch
 The frightened Chase leaves her late dear Abodes,
 O'er Plains remote she stretches far away,
 Ah ! never to return ! For greedy Death 180
 Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his Prey.

HARK ! from yon Covert, where those tow'ring Oaks
 Above the humble Copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious Triumphs burst in ev'ry Gale
 Upon our ravish'd Ears ! The Hunters shout 185
 The clanging Horns swell their sweet-winding Notes,

The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air ¹⁹¹
With various Melody ; from Tree to Tree ¹⁹² bound
The propagated Cry redoubling bounds, ¹⁹³
And winged Zephyrs waft the floating Joy ¹⁹⁴
Thro' all the Regions near : Afflictive Birch ¹⁹⁵
No more the School-boy dreads, his Prison broke, ¹⁹⁶
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Master's Call,
The weary Traveller forgets his Road, ¹⁹⁷ lift half
And climbs th' adjacent Hill ; the Ploughman leaves ¹⁹⁸
Th' unfinish'd Furrow ; nor his bleating Flocks ¹⁹⁹
Are now the Shepherd's Joy ; Men, Boys, and Girls ²⁰⁰
Desert th' unpeopled Village, and wild Crowds ²⁰¹ back
Spread o'er the Plain, by the sweet Frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon op'ning Glade ²⁰²
Slips glancing by ; while, at the further End, ²⁰³ 201
The puzzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile, ²⁰⁴ back
Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmost Bound ²⁰⁵ 203
Slily she skirts ; behind them cautious creeps, ²⁰⁶ 204
And in that very Track, so lately stain'd ²⁰⁷ 205
By all the steaming Crowd, seems to pursue ²⁰⁸ 206
The Foe she flies. Let Cavillers deny ²⁰⁹ 207
That Brutes have Reason ; sure 'tis something more,

'Tis

'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short Extent of human Thought. 210
But hold—I see her from the Covert break,
Sad on yon little Eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one Ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Course to take,
And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty Crew, 215
That still urge on, and still in Vallies loud
Insult her Woes, and mock her sore Distress,
As now in louder Peals the loaded Winds
Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail;
And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridge, 220
Away she flies; nor Ships with Wind and Tide,
And all their Canvass Wings scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,
And each clean Courser's Speed. We scowr along,
In pleasing Hurry and Confusion tost, 225
Oblivion to be wish'd! The patient Pack
Hang on the Scent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our lab'ring Steeds
We press, we gore; till once the Summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile; 230

Then

Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the Vale.

Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed
Can pass his Fellows, and with Pleasure view

The struggling Pack; how in the rapid Course 235
Alternate they preside, and justling push

To guide the dubious Scent; how giddy Youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser Age reprov'd;

How, niggard of his Strength, the wise old Hound
Hangs in the Rear, 'till some important Point 240

Rouse all his Diligence, or 'till the Chace
Sinking he finds; then to the Head he springs

With Thirst of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize. 245
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full Career.

Yon crowning Flocks, that at a Distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the Turf. See! that old Hound,

How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful Sense; draw yet a wider Ring.

Hark! now again the Chorus fills. As Bells
Sally'd awhile at once their Peal renew,

And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls.
See, how they tos, with animated Rage

Recov'ring all they lost!—That eager Haste
Some doubling Wile foreshews.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd—hold back with Speed—on either

Hand

255

They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right,
Away they spring; the rustling Stubbles bend
Beneath the driving Storm. Now the poor Chace
Begins to flag, to her last Shifts reduc'd.
From Brake to Brake she flies, and visits all
Her well-known Haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
With Love and Plenty blest. See! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her Gait betrays
Her inward Weakness. See, how black she looks!
The Sweat, that clogs th' obstructed Pores, scarce leaves
A languid Scent. And now in open View
See, see, she flies! each eager Hound exerts
His utmost Speed, and stretches ev'ry Nerve.
How quick she turns! their gaping Jaws eludes,
And yet a Moment lives; 'till round inclos'd
By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams
She yields her Breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious *Bacchanals* assail'd

Tbreician Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard!

Loud was the Cry, Hills, Woods, and *Hebrus*' Banks

Return'd their clam'rous Rage; distress'd he flies, 276

Shifting from Place to Place, but flies in vain;

For eager they pursue, 'till panting, faint,

By noisy Multitudes o'erpow'r'd, he sinks,

To the relentless Crowd a bleeding Prey. 280

THE Huntsman now, a deep Incision made,

Shakes out with Hands impure, and dashes down

Her reeking Entrails, and yet quiv'ring Heart.

These claim the Pack, the bloody Perquisite

For all their Toils. Stretch'd on the Ground she lies,

A mangled Coarse; in her dim glaring Eyes 286

Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry Limb.

Aw'd by the threat'ning Whip, the furious Hounds

Around her bay; or at their Master's Foot,

Each happy Fav'rite courts his kind Applause, 290

With humble Adulation cow'ring low.

All now is Joy. With Cheeks full-blown they wind

Her solemn Dirge, while the loud-op'ning Pack

The Concert swell, and Hills and Dales return

The sadly-pleasing Sounds. Thus the poor Hare, 295

A puny, dastard Animal, but vers'd

In subtle Wiles, diverts the youthful Train.

But if thy proud, aspiring Soul disdains

So mean a Prey, delighted with the Pomp,

Magnificence, and Grandeur of the Chace; 300

Hear what the Muse from faithful Records sings.

WHY on the Banks of Gemma, *Indian Stream*,

Line within Line, rise the Pavilions proud,

Their silken Streamers waving in the Wind?

Why neighs the warrior Horse? From Tent to Tent

Why press in Crowds the buzzing Multitude?

Why shines the polish'd Helm, and pointed Lance?

This Way and that far-beaming o'er the Plain?

Nor *Visapour* nor *Golconda* rebel!

Nor the great Sophy with his num'rous Host

Lays waste the Provinces; nor Glory fires

To rob, and to destroy, beneath the Name

And specious Guise of War. A nobler Cause

Calls *Aurengzebe* to Arms. No Cities sack'd,

No Mother's Tears, no helpless Orphan's Cries,

No violated Leagues with sharp Remorse
Shall sting the conscious Victor: But Mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on Beasts
He draws his vengeful Sword; on Beasts of Prey
Full-fed with human Gore. See, see, he comes! 320
Imperial *Debli*, op'ning wide her Gates,
Pours out her thronging Legions, bright in Arms,
And all the Pomp of War. Before them sound
Clarions and Trumpets, breathing martial Airs,
And bold Defiance. High upon his Throne, 325
Born on the Back of his proud Elephant,
Sits the great Chief of *Tamur*'s glorious Race:
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant Blaze
Of Gems and Gold. *Omrahs* about him crowd,
And rein th' *Arabian* Steed, and watch his Nod: 330
And potent *Rajahs*, who themselves preside
O'er Realms of wide Extent; but here submiss
Their Homage pay, alternate Kings and Slaves.
Next these, with prying Eunuchs girt around,
The fair Sultanas of his Court; a Troop 335
Of chosen Beauties, but with Care conceal'd
From each intrusive Eye; one Look is Death.

Ah cruel *Eastern Law!* (had Kings a Pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannick Will)
To rob us of the Sun's all-clearing Ray 340
Were less severe. The Vulgar close the March,
Slaves and Artificers; and *Debli* mourns
Her empty and depopulated Streets.
Now at the Camp arriv'd, with stern Review,
Thro' Groves of Spears, from File to File he darts
His sharp experienc'd Eye; their Order marks, 346
Each in his Station rang'd exact and firm,
'Till in the boundless Line his Sight is lost.
Not greater Multitudes in Arms appear'd,
On these extended Plains, when *Ammon's Son* 350
With mighty *Porus* in dread Battle join'd,
The Vassal World the Prize. Nor was that Host
More numerous of old, which the great ^a King
Pour'd out on *Greece* from all th' unpeopled East;
That bridg'd the *Hellespont* from Shore to Shore, 355
And drank the Rivers dry. Mean while in Troops
The busy Hunter-Train mark out the Ground,
A wide Circumference; full many a League

Xerxes.

In

In Compass round ; Woods, Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Large Provinces ; enough to gratify 360
Ambition's highest Aim, could Reason bound
Man's erring Will. Now fit in close Divan
The mighty Chiefs of this prodigious Host.
He from the Throne high-eminent presides, 364
Gives out his Mandates proud, Laws of the Chace,
From ancient Records drawn. With Rev'rence low,
And prostrate at his Feet, the Chiefs receive
His irreversible Decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave Bands
Each to his Station leads ; encamping round, 370
'Till the wide Circle is compleatly form'd.
Where decent Order reigns, what these command,
Those execute with Speed, and punctual Care ;
In all the strictest Discipline of War :
As if some watchful Foe, with bold Insult, 375
Hung low'ring o'er their Camp. The high Resolve,
That flies on Wings, thro' all th' encircling Line,
Each Motion steers, and animates the Whole.
So by the Sun's attractive Pow'r controll'd,
The Planets in their Spheres roll round his Orb, 380

On all he shines, and rules the great Machine.

E'ER yet the Morn dispels the fleeting Mists,

The Signal giv'n by the loud Trumpet's Voice,

Now high in Air th' Imperial Standard waves,

Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems;

And like a Sheet of Fire, thro' the dun Gloom

Streaming meteorous. The Soldiers Shouts,

And all the brazen Instruments of War,

With mutual Clamour, and united Din,

Fill the large Concave. While from Camp to Camp

They catch the vary'd Sounds floating in Air.

Round all the wide Circumference, Tygers fell

Shrink at the Noise; deep in his gloomy Den

The Lion starts, and Morsels yet unchew'd

Drop from his trembling Jaws. Now all at once

Onward they march embattled, to the Sound

Of martial Harmony, Fifes, Cornets, Drums,

That rouse the sleepy Soul to Arms, and bold

Heroick Deeds. In Parties here and there

Detach'd o'er Hill and Dale, the Hunters range

Inquisitive; strong Dogs, that match in Fight

The

The boldest Brute, around their Masters wait,
A faithful Guard. No Haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry Covert, and from ev'ry Den,
The lurking Savages. Incessant Shouts 405
Re-echo thro' the Woods, and kindling Fire
Gleams from the Mountain Tops; the Forest seems
One mingling Blaze: Like Flocks of Sheep they fly
Before the flaming Brand: Fierce Lions, Pards,
Boars, Tygers, Bears, and Wolves; a dreadful Crew
Of grim blood-thirsty Foes: growling along, 415
They stalk indignant; but fierce Vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their Rear, and pointed Spears
Present immediate Death. Soon as the Night
Wrapt in her sable Veil forbids the Chace, 425
They pitch their Tents, in even Ranks, around
The circling Camp. The Guards are plac'd, and Fires
At proper Distances ascending rise,
And paint th' Horizon with their ruddy Light.
So round some Island's Shore of large Extent, 430
Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
The Billows breaking on the pointed Rocks,
Seem all one Flame, and the bright Circuit wide.

Appears

Appears a Bulwark of surrounding Fire. 420
What dreadful Howlings, and what hideous Roar, 425
Disturb those peaceful Shades! where erst the Bird,
That glads the Night, had chear'd the list'ning Graves
With sweet Complainings. Thro' the silent Gloom
Oft they the Guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling Rage 430
Stung to the Quick, and mad with wild Despair.
Thus Day by Day, they still the Chace renew;
At Night encamp; 'till now in strecther Bounds
The Circle lessens, and the Beasts perceive
The Wall that hemms them in on ev'ry Side, 435
And now their Fury bursts, and knows no Mean;
From Man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd Rage
Against their Fellow-Brutes. With Teeth and Claws
The Civil War begins; grappling they tear.
Lions on Tygers prey, and Bears on Wolves: 440
Horrible Discord! 'Till the Crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody Fray.
At once their Wrath subsides; tame as the Lamb
The Lion hangs his Head, the furious Pard,
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the Face of Man, 445

Nor

Nor bears one Glance of his commanding Eye.

So abject is a Tyrant in Distress.

At last within the narrow Plain confin'd,
A lifted Field, mark'd out for bloody Deeds,
An Amphitheatre more glorious far 450
Than ancient *Rome* could boast, they crowd in Heaps,
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet Array,
Sheath'd in resplendent Arms, a noble Band
Advance; great Lords of high imperial Blood,
Early resolv'd t' assert their Royal Race, 455
And prove by glorious Deeds their Valour's Growth
Mature, e'er yet the callow Down has spread
Its curling Shade. On bold *Arabian* Steeds
With decent Pride they sit, that fearless heart
The Lion's dreadful Roar; and down the Rock 460
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the Mountain's Ridge
Stretching along, the greedy Tyger leave
Panting behind. On Foot their faithful Slaves
With Jav'lins arm'd attend; each watchful Eye
Fix'd on his youthful Care, for him alone 465
He fears, and to redeem his Life unmov'd

Wou'd

Wou'd lose his own, The mighty *Aurengzebe*, 104
From his high-elevated Throne, beholds 104
His blooming Race; revolving in his Mind 104
What once he was, in his gay Spring of Life, 179
When Vigour strung his Nerves. Parental Joy 179
Melts in his Eyes, and flushes in his Cheeks. 179
Now the loud Trumpet sounds a Charge. The Shouts 179
Of eager Hosts, thro' all the circling Line, 179
And the wild Howlings of the Beasts within 175
Rend wide the Welkin, Flights of Arrows, wing'd 175
With Death, and Jav'lins lanc'd from ev'ry Arm, 175
Gall sore the brutal Bands, with many a Wound 175
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails, 175
When fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all 480
Their drooping Courage. Swell'd with furious Rage, 480
Their Eyes dart Fire; and on the youthful Band 480
They rush implacable. They their broad Shields 480
Quick interpose; on each devoted Head 480
Their flaming Falchions, as the Bolts of *Jove*, 485
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the Ground 485
The grinning Monsters lie, and their foul Gore 485
Defiles the verdant Plain. Nor idle stand 485

The

The trusty Slaves; with pointed Spears they pierce
Thro' their tough Hides; or at their gaping Mouths
An easier Passage find. The King of Brutes 491
In broken Roarings breathes his last; the Bear
Grumbles in Death; nor can his spotted Skin,
Tho' sleek it shine, with vary'd Beauties gay,
Save the proud Pard from unrelenting Fate. 495
The Battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy Jaws, grins o'er her Prey.
Men, Horses, Dogs, fierce Beasts of ev'ry kind,
A strange promiscuous Carnage, drench'd in Blood,
And Heaps on Heaps amass'd. What yet remain 500
Alive, with vain Assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable Line. Others, whom Fear
Inspires with self-preserving Wiles, beneath
The Bodies of the Slain for Shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their Heads dispers'd. 505
And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the Work
Of Death had been compleat; and *Aurengzebe*
By one dread Frown extinguish'd half their Race.
When lo! the bright Sultanas of his Court
Appear, and to his ravish'd Eyes display 510

Those

Those Charms, but rarely to the Day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd Host. What Mortal can deny
When suppliant Beauty begs? At his Command
Op'ning to Right and Left, the well-train'd Troops
Leave a large Void for their retreating Foes,
Away they fly, on Wings of Fear upborn,
To seek on distant Hills their late Abodes.

YE proud Oppressors, whose vain Hearts exult
In Wantonness of Pow'r, 'gainst the brute Race, 520
Fierce Robbers like yourselves, a guiltless War
Wage uncontroll'd: Here quench your Thirst of Blood;
But learn from *Aurengzebe* to spare Mankind.

The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

OF King Edgar and his imposing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of Wales: From hence a Transition to Fox-Hunting, which is described in all its Parts. Censure of an over-numerous Pack. Of the several Engines to destroy Foxes, and other Wild Beasts. The Steel-Trap described, and the Manner of using it. Description of the Pitfall for the Lion; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of hunting the Tyger with a Mirror. The Arabian Manner of hunting the Wild Boar. Description of the Royal Stag-Chace at Windsor-Forest. Concludes with an Address to his Majesty, and an Eulogy upon Mercy.

BOOK the Third.

IN Albion's Isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white Cliffs
Launch'd half her Forests, and with num'rous Fleets
Cover'd his wide Domain: There proudly rode
Lord of the Deep, the great Prerogative
Of British Monarchs. Each Invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a Distance gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his Teeth in vain.
He scour'd the Seas, and to remotest Shores
With swelling Sails the trembling Corsair fled. 10
Rich Commerce flourish'd; and with busy Oars
Dash'd the resounding Surge. Nor less at Land
His Royal Cares; wise, potent, gracious Prince!
His Subjects from their cruel Foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious Savages their Flocks. 15

Cambria's proud Kings (tho' with Reluctance), paid
Their tributary Wolves; Head after Head,
In full Account, 'till the Woods yield no more,
And all the rav'ous Race extinct is lost.

In fertile Pastures more securely graz'd
The social Troops; and soon their large Increase
With curling Fleeces whiten'd all the Plains.

But yet, alas! the wily Fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilf'ring Foe, prowling around
In Midnight Shades; and wakeful to destroy. 25

In the full Fold, the poor defenceless Lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful Arts, with sweet, warm Blood
Supplies a rich Repast. The mournful Ewe,
Her dearest Treasure lost, thro' the dun Night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain: 30
While in th' adjacent Bush poor *Philomel*,
(Herself a Parent once, 'till wanton Churls
Despoil'd her Nest) joins in her loud Laments,
With sweeter Notes, and more melodious Woe.

FOR these nocturnal Thieves, Huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest Vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis 36

To

To right th' oppress'd, and bring the Felon vice
 To just Disgrace ! E'er yet the Morning peep,
 Or Stars retire from the first Blush of Day,
 With thy far echoing Voice alarm thy Pack, 40
 And rouse thy bold Compeers. Then to the Copse,
 Thick with entangling Grafs, or prickly Furze
 With Silence lead thy many-colour'd Hounds,
 In all their Beauty's Pride. See ! how they range
 Dispers'd, how busily this Way and that, 45
 They cross, examining with curious Nose
 Each likely Haunt. Hark ! on the Drag I hear
 Their doubtful Notes, preluding to a Cry
 More nobly full, and swell'd with every Mouth
 As straggling Armies, at the Trumpet's Voice, 50
 Press to their Standard ; hither all repair,
 And hurry thro' the Woods, with hasty Step
 Rustling, and full of Hope ; now driv'n on Heaps
 They push, they strive ; while from his Kernel sneaks
 The conscious Villain. See ! he stalks along, 55
 Sleek at the Shepherd's Cost, and plump with Meals
 Purloin'd. So thrive the Wicked here below.
 Tho' high his Brush he bear, tho' tipt with White

It gayly shone; yet e'er the Sun declin'd

Recall the Shades of Night, the pamper'd Rogue

Shall rue his Fate revers'd; and at his Heels

Behold the just Avenger, swift to seize

His forfeit Head, and thirsting for his Blood.

Heav'ns! what melodious Strains! how beat our

Hearts,

Big with tumultuous Joy! the loaded Gales

65

Breathe Harmony; and as the Tempest drives

From Wood to Wood, thro' ev'ry dark Recefs

The Forest thunders, and the Mountains shake,

The Chorus swells; less various, and less sweet

The trilling Notes, when in those very Groves

70

The feather'd Choristers salute the Spring,

And ev'ry Bush in Consort joins; or when

The Master's Hand, in modulated Air,

Bids the loud Organ breathe, and all the Pow'rs

Of Musick in one Instrument combine,

75

An universal Minstrelsy. And now

In vain each Earth he tries, the Doors are barr'd

Impregnable, nor is the Covert safe;

He pants for purer Air. Hark! what loud Shouts

Re-echo thro' the Groves! he breaks away,

Shrill Horns proclaim his Flight. Each straggling

Hound

Strains o'er the Lawn to reach the distant Pack.

'Tis Triumph all and Joy. Now, my brave Youths,

Now give a Loose to the clean gen'rous Steed;

Flourish the Whip, nor spare the galling Spur;

But in the Madness of Delight, forget

Your Fears. Far o'er the rocky Hills we range,

And dangerous our Course; but in the Brave

True Courage never fails. In vain the Stream

In foaming Eddies whirls; in vain the Ditch

Wide-gaping threatens Death. The craggy Steep

Where the poor dizzy Shepherd crawls with Care,

And clings to ev'ry Twig, gives us no Pain.

But down we sweep, as stoops the Falcon bold.

To pounce his Prey. Then up th' opponent Hill,

By the swift Motion flung, we mount aloft.

So Ships in Winter-Seas now sliding sink

Adown the steepy Wave, then, toss'd on high,

Ride on the Billows, and defy the Storm.

WHAT

BOOK III. THE CHACE.

53

• **W**HAT Lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring
Chace 100

Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as Swallows skim

The new-thorn Mead, and far more swift we fly.

See my brave Pack; how to the Head they press,

Justling in close Array, then more diffuse 104

Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning Mouths

The volly'd Thunder breaks. So when the Cranes

Their annual Voyage steer, with wanton Wing

Their Figure oft they change, and their loud Clang

From Cloud to Cloud rebounds. How far behind

The Hunter-Crew, wide-straggling o'er the Plain!

The panting Courser now with trembling Nerves 111

Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring Spur,

Makes many a faint Effort: He snorts, he foams,

The big round Drops run trickling down his Sides,

With Sweat and Blood stain'd. Look back and view

The strange Confusion of the Vale below, 116

Where sour Vexation reigns; see yon poor Jade,

In vain the impatient Rider frets and swears,

With galling Spurs harrows his mangled Sides;

He can no more: His stiff unpliant Limbs 120

Rooted in Earth, unmoy'd and fix'd he stands,
 For ev'ry cruel Curse returns a Groan,
 And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without Grief
 Can view that pamper'd Steed, his Master's Joy,
 His Minion, and his daily Care, well cloath'd, 125
 Well fed with ev'ry nicer Gate; no Cost,
 No Labour spar'd; who, when the flying Chace
 Broke from the Copse, without a Rival led
 The num'rous Train; Now a sad Spectacle
 Of Pride brought low, and humbled Insolence, 130
 Drove like a pannier'd Ass, and scourg'd along
 While these with loosen'd Reins, and dangling Heels,
 Hang on their reeling Palfreys, that scarce bear
 Their Weights; another in the treach'rous Bog
 Lies flound'ring, half ingulph'd. What biting Thoughts
 Torment thi abandon'd Crew! Old Age laments
 His Vigour spent: The tall, plump, brawny Youth
 Curses his cumb'rous Bulk; and envies now
 The short Pygmean Race, he whilom kenn'd
 With proud insulting Leer. A chosen few 140
 Alone the Sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing Toils. Here, Huntsman, from this Height

Observe

Observe you Birds of Prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the Villain lurks; they hover round,
And claim him as their own. Was I not right? 145
See! there he creeps along; his Brush he drags,
And sweeps the Mire impure; from his wide Jaws
His Tongue unmoisten'd hangs; Symptoms too sure
Of sudden Death. Hah! yet he flies, not yields
To black Despair. But one Loose more, and all 150
His Wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon Village now
The rattling Clamour rings. The Barns, the Cots,
And leafless Elms return the joyous Sounds.
Thro' ev'ry Homestall, and thro' ev'ry Yard,
His Midnight Walks, panting, forlorn, he flies; 155
Thro' ev'ry Hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry Jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior Stench to lose his own:
But, faithful to the Track, th' unerring Hounds
With Peals of echoing Vengeance close pursue. 160
And now distress'd, no shelt'ring Covert near
Into the Hen-roost creeps, whose Walls with Gore
Distain'd attest his Guilt. There, Villain, there
Expect thy Fate deserv'd. And soon from thence

The Pack Inquisitive, With Clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling Prize, and on his Blood
With greedy Transport feasts. In bolder Notes
Each sounding Horn proclaims the Felon dead,
And all th' assembled Village shouts for Joy,
The Farmer, who beholds his mortal Foe
Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the glorious Decoy,
And grateful calls us to a short Repast;
In the full Glass the liquid Amber smiles,
Our native Product. And his good old Match
With choicest Viands heaps the liberal Board,
To crown our Triumphs, and reward our Toils.

HERE must th' instructive Muse (but with Respect)
Censure that num'rous Pack, that Crowd of State,
With which the vain Profusion of the Great
Covers the Lawn, and shakes the trembling Copse.
Pompous Incumbrance! A Magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily Fox,
Safe in th' increasing Number of his Foes,
Kens well the great Advantage: Slinks behind,
And slyly creeps thro' the same beaten Track,
And

And hunts them Step by Step; then views, c₁rap'd,
With inward Extasy, the panting Throng, ²o g₁nd A
In their own Footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost, ^W
So when proud *Eastern* Kings summon to Arms, ^{E H}
Their gaudy Legions, from far distant Climes, ^{A 90}
They flock in Crowds, unpeopling half a World; ^U
But when the Day of Battle calls them forth, ²o g₁nd A
To charge the well-train'd Foe, a Band compact, ^{A T}
Of chosen Vet'rans, they press blindly on, ^U
In Heaps confus'd by their own Weapons fall, ³⁹⁵
A smoking Carnage scatter'd o'er the Plain, ^W

N_o R Hounds alone this noxious Brood destroy: ^H
The plunder'd Warrener full many a Wile ²o g₁nd A
Devises to entrap his greedy Foe, ^W
Fat with nocturnal Spoils. At Close of Day, ²⁰⁰
With Silence drags his Trail; then from the Ground ¹o g₁nd A
Pares thin the close-graz'd Turf, there with nice Hand, ¹⁰
Covers the latent Death, with curious Springs, ¹⁰o g₁nd A
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the Tread, ²¹⁰
Of Man or Beast, unwarily shall press ^W
The yielding Surface. By th' indented Steep, ²¹⁵ ²o g₁nd A
With

With Gripe tenacious held, the Falcon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: Yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry Art has fail'd, the captive Fox
Has shar'd the wounded Joint, and with a Limb
Compounded for his Life. But if perchance
In the deep Pitfall plung'd, there's no Escape,
But unretriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in Air,
The jest of Clowns, his reeking Carcass hangs.

Or these are various Kinds; not ev'n the King
Of Brutes evades this deep devouring Grave:
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of Fate, within its gaping Jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient Beam
With Blushes paints the Dawn; and all the Race
Carnivorous, with Blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome Cells, there satiate more
O'er dripping Offals, and the mangled Limbs
Of Men and Beasts; the painful Forrester
Climbs the high Hills, whose proud aspiring Tops,
With the tall Cedar crown'd, and taper Fir,
Assail the Clouds. There 'mong the craggy Rocks,

For whom the breezy Breeze
And

And Thickets intricate, trembling he views,
His Footsteps in the Sand, the dismal Road
And Avenue to Death. Hither he calls
His watchful Bands; and low into the Ground
A Pit they sink, full many a Fathom deep.
Then in the midst a Column high is rear'd,
The Butt of some fair Tree; upon whose Top
A Lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his Dam.
And next a Wall they build, with Stones and Earth,
Encircling round, and hiding from all View
The dreadful Precipice. Now when the Shades
Of Night hang low'ring o'er the Mountain's Brow,
And Hunger keen, and pungent Thirst of Blood,
Rouse up the slothful Beast, he shakes his Sides,
Slow-rising from his Lair, and stretches wide
His rav'ous Paws with recent Gore distain'd.
The Forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating Innocent, that claims in vain
The Shepherd's Care, and seeks with piteous Moan
The foodful Teat; himself alas! design'd
Another's Meal, For now the greedy Brute

Winds him from far, and leaping o'er the Mound 250
To seize his trembling Prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep Abyss. Prostrate he lies
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine Eye-balls flashing Fire, thy Length of Tail,
That lashes thy broad Sides, thy Jaws besmeard 255
With Blood and Offals crude, thy shaggy Mane,
The Terror of the Woods, thy stately Port,
And Bulk enormous, since by Stratagem
Thy Strength is foil'd? Unequal is the Strife,
When sov'reign Reason combats brutal Rage. 260

ON distant *Ethiopia's* Sun-burnt Coasts
The black Inhabitants a Pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent Kind, and diff'rent Use,
With slender Poles the wide capacious Mouth,
And Hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A Floor of verdant Turf, with all its Flow'rs 266
Smiling delusive, and from strictest Search
Concealing the deep Grave, that yawns below.
Then Boughs of Trees they cut, with tempting Fruit
Of various Kinds surcharg'd; the downy Peach, 270

The clust'ring Vine, and of bright golden Rind
The fragrant Orange. Soon as Ev'ning grey
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing Dews the thirsty Glebe,
The stately Elephant from the close Shade 275
With Step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler Breeze, that from the Sea-beat Shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid Stream
To lave his panting Sides; joyous he scents
The rich Repast, unweeting of the Death 280
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle Roughs, and greedily devours
The Fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The Price is Life, For now the treach'rous Turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy Beast 285
Self-sinking, drops into the dark Profound.
So when dilated Vapours struggling heave
Th' incumbent Earth; if chance the cavern'd Ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin Surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous Dome, ingulph'd
With all its Tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man 290
How various are thy Wiles! artful to kill! O

Thy

Thy savage Eyes a dull unthinking Race !

Fierce from his Lair springs forth the speckled Pard,

Thirsting for Blood, and eager to destroy ;

The Huntsman flies, but to his Flight alone

Confides not : At convenient Distance fix'd

A polish'd Mirrour stops in full Career

The furious Brute : He there his Image views ;

Spots against Spots with Rage improving glow ;

Another Pard his bristly Whiskers curls,

Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide

Distends his op'ning Paws ; himself against

Himself oppos'd, and with dread Vengeance arm'd.

The Huntsman now secure, with fatal Aim

Directs the pointed Spear, by which transfix'd

He dies, and with him dies the rival Shade.

Thus Man innum'rous Engines forms, t' assail

The savage Kind : But most the docile Horse,

Swift and confederate with Man, annoys

His Brethren of the Plains; without whose Aid

The Hunter's Arts are vain, unskill'd to wage

With the more active Brutes an equal War.

But, borne by him, without the well-train'd Pack,

Man dares his Pot, on Wings of Wind secure! 315

HIM the fierce *Arab* mounts, and with his Troop

Of bold Compeers, ranges the Deserts wild;

Where, by the Magnet's Aid, the Traveller

Steers his untrodden Course; yet oft on Land

Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling Waves of Sand 320

Immerst and lost. While these intrepid Bands,

Safe in their Horses Speed, out-fly the Storm,

And, scouring round, make Men and Beasts their Prey.

The grisly Boar is singled from his Herd

As large as that in *Erimantbian* Woods, 325

A Match for *Hercules*. Round him they fly

In Circles wide; and each in passing fends

His feather'd Death into his brawny Sides:

But perilous th' Attempt. For if the Steed

Haply too near approach; or the loose Earth 330

His Footing fail; the watchful angry Beast

Th' Advantage spies; and at one sidelong Glance

Rips up his Groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,

And plunging from his Back the Rider hurls

Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the Ground, 335

But, borne by pain, without the least effort, And

And drags his reeking Entrails o'er the Plain.
Mean while the fury Monster trots along,
But with unequal Speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious Ring. A Wood
Of Darts upon his Back he bears; adown
His tortur'd Sides the crimson Torrents roll.
From many a gaping Font. And now, at last,
Stagg'ring he falls, in Blood and Foam expires.

BUT whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique Tales? While yet the Royal Stag
Unsung remains. Tread with respectful Awe
Windsor's green Glades; where *Denham*, tuneful Bard,
Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his Song
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred Shade,
To glean submiss what thy full Sickle leaves. 350

THE Morning Sun, that gilds with trembling Rays
Windsor's high Tow'rs, beholds the courtly Train
Mount for the Chace, not views in all his Course
A Scene so gay: Heroic, noble Youths,
In Arts and Arms renown'd, and lovely Nymphs,
The fairest of this Isle, where Beauty dwells. 356
Delighted,

Book III. T H E C H A C E. 65

Delighted, and deserts her *Paphian Grove*
For our more favour'd Shades : In proud Parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The Royal happy Pair. Great in themselves, 369
They smile superior ; of external Show
Regardless, while their inbred Virtues give
A Lustre to their Pow'r, and grace their Court
With real Splendors, far above the Pomp
Of Eastern Kings, in all their Tinsel Pride. 365

Like Troops of *Amazons*, the female Band
Prance round their Cars, not in resplendent Arms
As those of old ; unskill'd to wield the Sword,
Or bend the Bow, these kill with surer Aim.

The Royal Offspring, fairest of the Fair, 370
Lead on the splendid Train. *Anna*, more bright
Than Summer Suns, or as the Light'ning keen
With irresistible Effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry Heart. He must be more than Man,
Who, unconcern'd, can bear the piercing Ray. 375

Amelia, milder than the blushing Dawn,
With sweet engaging Air but equal Pow'r,
In sensibly subdues, and in soft Chains

Her willing Captives leads, Illustrous Maids,
Ever triumphant! whose victorious Charms, 380
Without the needlefs Aid of high Descent,
Had aw'd Mankind, and taught the World's great Lords
To bow and sue for Grace. But who is he,
Fresh as a Rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning Lilies; on whom ev'ry Eye 385
With Joy and Admiration dwells? See, see,
He reins his docile Barb with manly Grace.
Is it *Adonis* for the Chace array'd?
Or *Britain's* second Hope? Hail, blooming Youth!
May all your Virtues with your Years improve, 390
Till in consummate Worth you shine the Pride
Of these our Days, and to succeeding Times.
A bright Example. As his Guard of Mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with Eyes deject
And fix'd on Earth, no Voice, no Sound is heard 395
Within the wide Serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful Silence reigns; thus stand the Pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to Earth,
While pass the glitt'ring Court and Royal Pair:
So disciplin'd those Hounds, and so reserv'd, 400

Whose

Whose Honour 'tis to glad the Hearts of Kings.

But soon the winding Horn, and Huntsman's Voice,

Let loose the gen'ral Chorus; far around

Joy spreads its Wings, and the gay Morning Smiles.

UNHARBOUR'D now the Royal Stag forsakes

His wonted Lair; he shakes his dappled Sides,

And toffes high his beamy Head, the Copse

Beneath his Antlers bends. What doubling Shifts

He tries! not more the wily Hare, in these

Wou'd still persist, did not the full-mouth'd Pack

With dreadful Consort thunder in his Rear.

The Woods reply, the Hunter's clearing Shouts

Float thro' the Glades, and the wide Forest rings.

How merrily they chant! their Nostrils deep

Inhale the grateful Steam. Such is the Cry,

And such th' harmonious Din, the Soldier deems

The Battle kindling, and the Statesman grave

Forgets his weighty Cares; each Age, each Sex,

In the wild Transport joins; luxuriant Joy,

And Pleasure in Excess, sparkling exult

On ev'ry Brow, and revel unrestrain'd.

How happy art thou, Man, when thou'rt no more
blond I as How miles up yon pebbly Heath
Thy self! when all the Pangs that grind thy Soul,
In Rapture and in sweet Oblivion lost,
Yield a short Interval, and Ease from Pain! 425

SEE the swift Courser strains, his shining Hoofs
Securely beat the solid Ground. Who now
The dang'rous Pitfall fears, with tangling Heath
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring Bog,
Soft-yielding to the Step? All now is plain, 430

Plain as the Strand Sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky Shore. Glades crossing Glades
The Forest opens to our wond'ring View:
Such was the King's Command. Let Tyrants fierce
Lay waste the World; his the more glorious Part, 435

To check their Pride; and when the brazen Voice
Of War is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
T' employ his station'd Legions in the Works
Of Peace; to smooth the rugged Wilderness,
To drain the stagnate Fen, to raise the slope 440

Depending Road, and to make gay the Face
Of Nature with th' Embellishments of Art.

How

How melts my beating Heart! as I behold
Each lovely Nymph, our Island's Boast and Pride,
Push on the gen'rous Steed, that strokes along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy Hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended Vale below;
Their Garments loosely waving in the Wind,
And all the Flush of Beauty in their Cheeks!
While at their Sides their pensive Lovers wait, 450
Direct their dubious Course; now chill'd with Fear
Solicitous, and now with Love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising Storm
May darken with black Wings this glorious Scene!
Shou'd some malignant Pow'r thus damp our Joys,
Vain were the gloomy Cave, such as of old 456
Betray'd to lawless Love the *Tyrian Queen*.
For Britain's virtuous Nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal Triumph reign
In the Dun Gloom as in the Blaze of Day. 460
Now the blown Stag, thro' Woods, Bogs, Roads,
and Streams
Has measur'd half the Forest; but alas!

He flies in vain, he flies not from his Fears,
 Tho' far he cast the ling'ring Pack behind,
 His haggard Fancy still with Horrors views. 465
 The fell Destroyer; still the fatal Cry
 Insults his Ears, and wounds his trembling Heart,
 So the poor Fury-haunted Wretch (his Hands
 In guiltless Blood distain'd) still seems to hear
 The dying Shrieks; and the pale threat'ning Ghost
 Moves as he moves, and, as he flies, pursues. 471
 See here his Slot; up yon green Hill he climbs,
 Pants on its Brow a while, sadly looks back
 On his Pursuers cov'ring all the Plain;
 But, wtung with Anguish, bears not long the Sight,
 Shoots down the Steep, and sweats along the Vale:
 There mingles with the Herd, where once he reign'd
 Proud Monarch of the Groves, whose clashing Beam
 His Rivals aw'd, and whose exalted Pow'r
 Was still rewarded with successful Love. 480
 But the base Herd have learn'd the Ways of Men,
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious Aim
 Chase him from thence: needless their impious Deed,
 The Huntsman knows him by a thousand Marks,

Black,

11 xod

Black, and impost; nor are his Hounds deceiv'd;

Too well distinguish'd there, and never leave 496 his Master.Their once devoted Foe; familiar grows 496 his mark.His Scent, and strong their Appetite to kill 496 him.Again he flies, and with redoubled Speed 496 he reaches the Hounds.Skims o'er the Lawn; still the tenacious Crew 496 hang on his track.Hang on the Track, aloud demand their Prey, 496 andAnd push him many a League. If haply then 496 he gains his ground,Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly Train 496 behind him.Behind are cast, the Huntsman's clanging Whip 496 andStops full their bold Career; passive they stand 496 andUnmov'd, an humble, an obsequious Crowd, 496 andAs if by stern Medusa gaz'd to Stones. 496 andSo at their Gen'ral's Voice whole Armies halt 496 andIn full Pursuit, and check their Thirst of Blood. 496 andSoon, at the King's Command, like hasty Streams 500 andDamm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along 500 andWith fresh recruited Might. The Stag, who hop'd 500 andHis Foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd 500 andThe dreadful Din; he shivers ev'ry Limb, 500 andHe starts, he bounds; each Bush presents a Foe. 505 andPress'd by the fresh Relay, no Pause allow'd, 505 and

Breathless

Breathless and faint, he faulters in his Pace,
And lifts his weary Limbs with Pain, that scarce
Sustain their Load; he pants, he sobs apall'd;
Drops down his heavy Head to Earth, beneath
His cumb'rous Beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying Eye surprize him, soon he rears
Erect his tow'ring Front, bounds o'er the Lawn
With ill-dissembled Vigour, to amuse
The knowing Forester, who only smiles
At his weak Shifts and unavailing Frauds.
So midnight Tapers waste their last Remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire,
From Wood to Wood redoubling Thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the Vales; the moving Storm
Thickens a main, and loud triumphant Shouts,
And Horns shrill-warbling in each Glade, prelude
To his approaching Fate. And now in view
With hobbling Gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What Strength is left. To the last Dregs of Life
Reduc'd, his Spirits fail, on ev'ry Side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least Op'ning left
To gleaming Hope, th' Unhappy's last Reserve.

Where

Where shall he turn? Or whither fly? Despair
Gives Courage to the Weak. Resolv'd to die, 530
He fears no more, but rushes on his Foes,
And deals his Deaths around; beneath his Feet
These grov'ling lie, those by his Antlers gor'd
Defile th' ensanguin'd Plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at Bay against yon knotty Trunk, 535
That covers well his Rear, his Front presents
An Host of Foes. O! shun, ye noble Train,
The rude Encounter, and believe your Lives,
Your Country's Due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his Soul uprais'd, 540
To dare some great Exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken Pack, that on each Side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the Turf he strains,
He vents the cooling Stream, and up the Breeze
Urges his Course with eager Violence; 545
Then takes the Soil, and plunges in the Flood
Precipitant; down the Mid-stream he wafts
Along, 'till (like a Ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding Creek) close to the Verge
Of a small Island, for his weary Feet 550

Sure

Sure Anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd,
His Nose, alone above the Wave, draws in
The vital Air, all else beneath the Flood
Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying Eye
Of Man or Brute. In vain the crowding Pack, 555
Draw on the Margin of the Stream, or cut
The liquid Wave with oary Feet, that move
In equal Time. The gliding Waters leave
No Trace behind, and his contracted Pores
But sparingly perspire: The Huntsman strains 560
His lab'ring Lungs, and puffs his Checks in vain;
At length a Blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of Sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the Flood, his Mouth
Loud op'ning spends a main, and his wide Throat
Swells ev'ry Note with Joy; then fearless dives 566
Beneath the Wave, hangs on his Haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy Brute, that flounders in the Stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy Shore. Haply once more escap'd, 570
Again he stands at Bay, amid the Groves
Of Willows, bending low their downy Heads.

Outrageous Transport fires the greedy Pack,
These swim the Deep, and those crawl up with Pain
The slipp'ry Bank, while others on firm Land 575
Engage; the Stag repels each bold Assault,
Maintains his Post, and Wounds for Wounds returns.
As when some wily Corsair boards a Ship
Full freighted or from Afric's golden Coasts,
Or India's wealthy Strand, his bloody Crew 580
Upon her Deck he slings; these in the Deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her sleepy Sides,
And clinging climb aloft; while those on Board
Urge on the Work of Fate; the Master bold,
Press'd to his last Retreat, bravely resolves 585
To sink his Wealth beneath the whelming Wave,
His Wealth, his Foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the Stag: So he resolves
To plunge at once into the Flood below,
Himself, his Foes in one deep Gulph immers'd. 590
E'er yet he executes this dire Intent,
In wild Disorder once more views the Light;
Beneath a Weight of Woe he groans distress'd
The Tears run trickling down his hairy Cheeks;

He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The King beholds
His wretched Plight, and Tenderness innate
Moves his great Soul. Soon at his high Command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry Pack ^A and ^T
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their Prey.

G R E A T Prince! from thee what may thy Subjects
hope;

So kind, and so beneficent to Brutes?

O Mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet Attribute!

Thou great, thou best Prerogative of Pow'r!

Justice may guard the Throne, but join'd with thee,

On Rocks of Adamant it stands secure,

And braves the Storm beneath; soon as thy Smiles

Gild the rough Deep, the foaming Waves subside,

And all the noisy Tumult sinks in Peace.

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The weeks now weeks in aii. The King before
the metched Pheas, and Teudreus in use
Woves his glori. Soon as the figh Counting
Rep. 10

The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

Of the Necessity of destroying some Beasts, and
preserving others for the Use of Man. Of
breeding of Hounds; the Season for this Business.
The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the
Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be rear'd.
Of setting them out to their several Walks. Care
to be taken to prevent their Hunting too soon. Of
entering the Whelps. Of breaking them from run-
ning at Sheep. Of the Diseases of Hounds. Of their
Age. Of Madness; two Sorts of it described, the
dumb, and outragious Madness: It's dreadful Ef-
fects. Burning of the Wound recommended as pre-
venting all ill Consequences. The infectious Hounds
to be separated, and fed apart. The Vanity of
trusting to the many infallible Cures for this Ma-
lady. The dismal Effects of the Biting of a mad
Dog, upon Man, described. Description of the
Otter-Hunting. The Conclusion.

As Asia's bleak, the remnant, has but
 Miles till the earth scarce of this tribe
 Much up and all the scope: since of the
 Impose the going back their kindred still

BOOK the Fourth.

WHAT'ER of Earth is form'd, to Earth re-
 turns

Diffolv'd: the various Objects we behold,
 Plants, Animals, this whole material Mass,
 Are ever changing, ever new. The Soul
 Of Man alone, that Particle divine,
 Escapes the Wreck of Worlds, when all Things fail.
 Hence great the Distance 'twixt the Beasts that perish,
 And God's bright Image, Man's immortal Race.

The Brute Creation are his Property,
 Subservient to his Will, and for him made. 10
 As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
 Preserves; their sole and arbitrary King.
 Shou'd he not kill, as erst the Samian Sage
 Taught unadvis'd, and Indian Brachmans now

As

As vainly preach; the teeming rav'ous Brutes 15
Might fill the scanty Space of this Terrene,
Incumb'ring all the Globe: Shou'd not his Care
Improve his growing Stock, their Kinds might fail,
Man might once more on Roots and Acorns feed,
And thro' the Deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn, 20
Quite destitute of ev'ry Solace dear,
And ev'ry smiling Gayety of Life.

THE prudent Huntsman therefore will supply,
With annual large Recruits, his broken Pack,
And propagate their Kind. As from the Root 25
Fresh Scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New-blooming Honours to the Parent-Tree:
Far shall his Pack be fam'd, far sought his Breed,
And Princes at their Tables feast those Hounds
His Hand presents, an acceptable Boon. 30

E'ER yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His steepy Course, or Mother Earth unbound
Her frozen Bosom to the *Western* Gale;..
When feather'd Troops, their social Leagues dissolv'd,
Select their Mates, and on the leafless Elm 35
The

The noisy Rock builds high her wicker Nest ;
Mark well the wanton Females of thy Pack,
That curl their taper Tails, and frisking court
Their pyebald Mates enamour'd ; their red Eyes
Flash Fires impure ; nor Rest, nor Food they take,
Goaded by furious Love. In sep'rate Cells
Confine them now, lest bloody Civil Wars
Annoy thy peaceful State. If left at large,
The growling Rivals in dread Battle join,
And rude Encounter. On Scamander's Streams 45
Heroes of old with far less Fury fought
For the bright *Spartan Dame*, their Valour's Prize.
Mangled and torn thy fay'rite Hounds shall lie,
Stretch'd on the Ground ; thy Kennel shall appear
A Field of Blood : like some unhappy Town 50
In Civil Broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody Scourge aloft, fierce Parties rage,
Staining their impious Hands in mutual Death.
And still the best belov'd and bravest fall :
Such are the dire Effects of lawless Love. 55

HUNTSMAN !

HUNTSMAN ! these Ills by timely prudent Care
Prevent : for ev'ry longing Dame select
Some happy Paramour ; to him alone
In Leagues connubial join. Consider well
His Lineage ; what his Fathers did of old, 60
Chief of the Pack, and first to climb the Rock,
Or plunge into the Deep, or thread the Brake
With Thorns sharp-pointed,plash'd, and Bri's in-
woven.

Observe with Care his Shape, Sort, Colour, Size.

Nor will sagacious Huntsmen less regard 65
His inward Habits ; the vain Babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.

His foolish Offspring shall offend thy Ears

With false Alarms, and loud Impertinence.

Nor less the shifting Cur avoid, that breaks 70

Illusive from the Pack ; to the next Hedge

Devious he strays, there ev'ry Mews he tries ;

If haply then he crost the streaming Scent,

Away he flies vain-glorious, and exults

As of the Pack supreme, and in his Speed

And Strength unrivall'd. Lo ! cast far behind, 75

His vex'd Associates pant, and lab'ring strain
 To climb the steep Ascent. Soon as they reach
 Th' insulting Boaster, his false Courage fails,
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal Noose, 80
 His Master's Hate, and Scorn of all the Field.
 What can from such be hop'd, but a base Brood
 Of Coward Curs, a frantick, vagrant Race?

WHEN now the third revolving Moon appears
 With sharpen'd Horns above th' Horizon's Brink,
 Without *Lucina's* Aid, expect thy Hopes 86
 Are amply crown'd; short Pangs produce to Light
 The smoking Litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
 Nature their Guide, they seek the pouting Teat
 That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender Dam 90
 Has form'd them with her Tongue, with Pleasure view
 The Marks of their renown'd Progenitors,
 Sure Pledge of Triumphs yet to come. All these
 Select with Joy; but to the merc'less Flood
 Expose the dwindling Refuse, nor o'enload 95
 Th' indulgent Mother. If thy Heart relent,
 Unwilling to destroy, a Nurse provide,

And

And to the Foster-parent give the Care
Of thy superfluous Brood; she'll cherish kind
The Alien Offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold 100
Her Tenderness and hospitable Love.

IF frolick now, and play-full, they desert
Their gloomy Cell, and on the verdant Turf
With Nerves improv'd, pursue the mimick Chace,
Coursing around; unto thy choicest Friends 150
Commit thy valu'd Prize: The rustic Dames
Shall at thy Kennel wait, and in their Laps
Receive thy growing Hopes, with many a Kiss
Carels, and dignify their little Charge
With some great Title, and resounding Name 110
Of high Import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful Ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd Younker, immature,
Alone to range the Woods, or haunt the Brakes
Where dodging Conies sport: His Nerves unstrung,
And Strength unequal; the laborious Chace
Shall stint his Growth, and his rash forward Youth
Contract such vicious Habits, as thy Care

And late Correction never shall reclaim.

When to full Strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
 Conduct them to the Field, not all at once,
 But, as thy cooler Prudence shall direct,
 Select a few, and form them by Degrees
 To stricter Discipline. With these comfort
 The stanch and stiddy Sages of thy Pack,
 By long Experience vers'd in all the Wiles
 And subtle Doubtless of the various Chace.
 Easy the Lesson of the youthful Train,
 When Instinct prompts, and when Example guides.
 If the too forward Younker at the Head
 Press boldly on, in wanton sportive Mood,
 Correct his Haste, and let him feel abash'd
 The ruling Whip. But if he stoop behind
 In wary modest Guise, to his own Nose
 Confiding sure; give him full Scope to work
 His winding Way, and with thy Voice applaud
 His Patience and his Care; soon shalt thou view
 The hopeful Pupil Leader of his Tribe,
 And all the listening Pack attend his Call.

OFT

OFT lead them forth where wanton Lambskins play,
And bleating Dams with jealous Eyes observe
Their tender Care. If at the crowding Flock as
He bay presumptuous, or with eager Haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant Plain,
In the foul Fact attack'd, to the strong Ram
Tie fast the rash Offender. See! at first
His horn'd Companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged Ground;
Then with his Load fatigu'd, shall turn a Head,
And with his curl'd hard Front incessant peal
The panting Wretch; 'till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the Turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining Whip, but ply his bleeding Sides
Lash after Lash, and with thy threat'ning Voice,
Harsh-echoing from the Hills, inculcate loud
His vile Offence. Sooner shall trembling Doves
Escap'd the Hawk's sharp Talons, in mid Air,
Assail their dang'rous Foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful Flocks. In tender Age
Thus Youth is train'd; as curious Artists bend

The taper, pliant Twig; or Potters form,
Their soft and ductile Clay to various Shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed, but to preserve
Must be the Huntsman's Care. The stanch old Hounds,
Guides of thy Pack, tho' but in Number few,
Are yet of great Account; shall oft untie
The Gordian Knot, when Reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy Art is vain.
O'er clogging Fallows, o'er dry plaster'd Roads,
O'er floated Meads, o'er Plains with Flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious Way.
As Party-Chiefs in Senates who preside,
With pleaded Reason and with well-turn'd Speech
Conduct the staring Multitude; so these
Direct the Pack, who with joint Cry approve,
And loudly boast Discov'ries not their own.

UNNUMBER'D Accidents, and various Ills
Attend thy Pack, hang hov'ring o'er their Heads,
And point the Way that leads to Death's dark Cave.
Short is their Span; few at the Date arrive
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's Song

So highly honour'd: Kind, sagacious Brute! 183
Not ev'n *Minerva's* Wisdom could contral
Thy much lov'd Master from thy nice Sense
Dying his Lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er 184
With eager Eyes, then clos'd those Eyes well pleas'd.

O f lesser Ills the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low; of these each Groom can tell
The proper Remedy. But O! what Care!
What Prudence can prevent Madness, the worst
Of Maladies? Terrifick Pest! that blasts 190
The Huntsman's Hopes, and Desolation spreads
Thro' all th' unpeopled Kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd Viper's Bite;
Or that *Apulian* Spider's pois'nous Sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing Antidote of Sounds. 195

WHEN *Sirius* reigns, and the Sun's parching Beams
Bake the dry gaping Surface, visit thou,
Each Ev'n and Morn, with quick observant Eye,
Thy panting Pack. If, in dark sullen Mood,
The glouting Hound refuse his wanted Meal, 200
Retiring to some close, obscure Retreat,
Gloomy,

Gloomy, disconsolate: With Speed removal givin^g
The poor infectious Wretch, and in Broth Chainsai^H
Bind him suspected: Thus that dire Disease, w^m b^H
Which Art can't cure, wise Caution may prevent²⁰⁵

But this neglected, soon expect a Change,
A dismal Change, Confusion, Frenzy, Death²¹⁰
Or in some dark Recess the senseless Brute
Sits sadly pining: Deep Melancholy,
And black Despair, upon his clouded Brow²¹⁵
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning Jaws
The clammy Venom, and infectious Froth,
Distilling fall; and from his Lungs inflam'd,
Malignant Vapours taint the ambient Air,
Breathing Perdition: His dim Eyes are glaz'd,²²⁰
He droops his penive Head, his trembling Limbs
No more support his Weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; 'till Death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings Relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!²²⁵
A yet more dreadful Scene; his glaring Eyes
Redden with Fury, like some angry Boar

ed T

Churning

Churning he foams; and on his Back erect
His pointed Bristles rise, his Tail incor'd
He drops, and with harsh broken Howlings rends
The poison-tainted Air, with rough, hoarse Voice
Incessant bays, and snuffs th' infectious Breeze
This Way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own Shade, jealous, as if he deem'd
The World his Foes. If haply t'ward the Stream
He cast his roving Eye, cold Horror chills
His Soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantick to the Kennel's utmost Verge
Raving he runs, and deals Destruction round.
The Pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry Bite is Death.

If now perchance, thro' the weak Fence escap'd,
Far up the Wind he roves, with open Mouth
Inhales the cooling Breeze, nor Man, nor Beast
He spares implacable. The Hunter-Horse,
Once kind Associate of his sylvan Toils,
(Who haply now without the Kennel's Mound
Crops the rank Mead, and list'ning hears with Joy

The

The clearing Cry, that Morn and Eve salutes
His raptur'd Sense,) a wretched Victim falls. 245

Unhappy Quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond Master with his Voice applaud

Thy Gentleness, thy Speed; or with his Hand
Stroke thy soft dapple Sides, as he each Day

Visits thy Stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou 250
With sprightly Neighings, to the winding Horn,

And the loud op'ning Pack in Consort join'd,
Glad his proud Heart. For oh! the secret Wound

Rankling inflames, he bites the Ground and dies.

HENCE to the Village, with pernicious Haste, 255
Baleful he bends his Course: The Village flies

Alarm'd; the tender Mother in her Arms
Hugs close the trembling Babe; the Doors are barr'd,

And flying Curs, by native Instinct taught,
Shun the contagious Bane; the rustick Bands 260

Hurry to Arms, the rude Militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; Clubs, Forks, or Guns

From ev'ry Quarter charge the furious Foe,
In wild Disorder, and uncouth Array:

Till

'Till now with Wounds on Wounds oppress'd and gord
At one short pois'rous Gasp he breathes his last. 266

HENCE to the Kennel, Muse, return, and view,
With heavy Heart, that Hospital of Woe;
Where Horror stalks at large, infatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his Prey: Each Hour presents 270
A diff'rent Scene of Ruin in Distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed Wrath! the Dying and the Dead
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the Living fight
In one eternal Broil; not conscious why, 275
Nor yet with whom. So Drunkards, in their Cups,
Spare not their Friends, while senseless Squabble reigns.

HUNTSMAN! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous Debate! Ah! rouse up all
Thy Vigilance, and tread the treach'rous Ground 280
With careful Step. Thy Fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the Vestal Flame; the pointed Steel
In the hot Embers hide; and if, surpriz'd,
Thou feel'st the deadly Bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent Sore, and cauterize. 285

The Wound; spare not thy Flesh, nor dread th' Event;
 Vulcan can save, when *Aesculapius* fails.

HERE shou'd the knowing Muse recount the Means
 To stop this growing Plague. And here, Vala! in sight
 Each Hand presents a sov'reign Cure, and boasts 290
 Infallibility, but boasts in vain.
 On this depend; each to his sep'rate Seat
 Confine, in Fetters bound; give each his Meas
 Apart, his Range in open Air; and then, 295
 If deadly Symptoms to thy Grief appeared
 Devote the Wretch, and let him greatly fall,
 A gen'rous Victim for the publick Wealth.

SING, philosophic Muse! the dire Effects
 Of this contagious Bite on hapless Man.
 The rustic Swains, by long Tradition taught 300
 Of Leeches old, as soon as they perceive
 The Bite impress'd, to the Sea-coasts repair.
 Plung'd in the briny Flood th' unhappy Youth
 Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish
 The Seas as yet had cover'd him beneath 305
 The foaming Surge full many a Pathom deep.

A Fate

A Fate more dismal and superior Ills
Hang o'er his Head devoted. When the Moon,
Closing her monthly Round, returns again
To glad the Night; or when full-orb'd the Shines 310
High in the Vault of Heav'n, the lurking Pest
Begins the dire Assault. The pois'rous Foam,
Thro' the deep Wound instil'd, with hostile Rage,
And all its fiery Particles saline,
Invades th' arterial Fluid, whose red Waves 315
Tempestuous heave; and, their Cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine War ensues,
And Order to Confusion turns embroll'd.
Now the distended Vessels scarce contain
The wild Uproar, but press each weaker Part, 320
Unable to resist: The tender Brain
And Stomach suffer most: Convulsions shake
His trembling Nerves, and wand'ring pungent Pains
Pinch sore the sleepless Wretch; his flutt'ring Pulse
Oft intermits; pensive and sad he mourns 325
His cruel Fate, and to his weeping Friends
Laments in vain; to hasty Anger prone,
Resents each slight Offence, walks with quick Step,

And

And wildly stares; at last with boundless Sway
The Tyrant Frenzy reigns. For, as the Dog,³³⁰
Whose fatal Bite convey'd th' infectious Bane,
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bates,
Like Agitations in his boiling Blood.¹⁰
Present like Species to his troubled Mind;
His Nature, and his Actions, all canine.³³⁵
So (as old Homer sung) th' Associates wild
Of wand'ring *Ithacus*, by *Circe's* Charms
To Swine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the Groves,
Dreadful Example to a wicked World!
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with Thirst,
But dares not drink. 'Till now, at last, his Soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome Dungeon leaves,
And to some purer Region wings away.
ONE Labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another Element demands thy Song.³⁴⁵
No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick
With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,
Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack:
But skim with wanton Wing th' irriguous Vale,
Where

Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Mead 350
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots
Of hoary Willows arch'd; gloomy Retreat
Of the bright scaly Kind; where they at Will
On the green wat'ry Reed their Pasture graze, 355
Suck the moist Soil, or slumber at their Ease,
Rock'd by the restless Brook, that draws alope
Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.
Where rages not Oppression? Where, alas!
Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil 360
Haunt ev'n the lowest Deep; Seas have their Sharks;
Rivers and Ponds inclos'd, the rav'ous Pike;
He in his Turn becomes a Prey; on him
Th' amphibious Otter feasts, Just is his Fate
Deserv'd: But Tyrants know no Bounds; nor Spears,
That bristle on his Back, defend the Perch
From his wide greedy Jaws; nor burnish'd Mail
The yellow Carp; nor all his Arts can save
The insinuating Eel, that hides his Head
Beneath the slimy Mud; nor yet escapes 370
The crimson-spotted Trout, the River's Pride,

And

And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorse,
This midnight Pillager, ranging around,
Insatiate Swallows all. The Owner moans
Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears 375
The Huntsman's early Call, and sees with Joy
The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks
In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

This subtle Spoiler of the Beaver Kind,
Far off, perhaps, where ancient Alders shade 380
The deep still Pool, within some hollow Trunk
Contrives his wicker Couch: whence he surveys
His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all
The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths,
Dispute the Felon's Claim; try ev'ry Root, 385
And ev'ry ready Bank; encourage all
The busy-spreading Pack, that fearless plunge
Into the Flood, and cross the rapid Stream.
Bid Rocks, and Caves, and each resounding Shore,
Proclaim your bold Defiance, loudly raise 390
Each clearing Voice, till distant Hills repeat
The Triumphs of the Vale. On the soft Sand

See

See there his Seal impress'd ! and on that Bank
Behold the glittering Spoils, half-eaten Fish,
Scales, Fins, and Bones, the Leavings of his Feast.
Ah ! on that yielding Sag-bed, see, once more 396
His Seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy Marsh
The fly Goose-footed Fraler bends his Course,
And seeks the distant Shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager Pack ; and trail him to his Couch. 400
Hark ! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,
The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these Floods preside,
Raise up your dripping Heads above the Wave,
And hear our Melody. Th' harmonious Notes 405
Float with the Stream ; and ev'ry winding Creek
And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood
Nods pendant ; still improve, from Shore to Shore,
Our sweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts !

What Clamour loud ! What gay heart-cheering Sounds
Urge thro' the breathing Brass their mazy Way ! 411
Not Choirs of Tritons glad with sprightlier Strains
The dancing Billows ; when proud Neptune rides

In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy Steam, that to each Blade
Rank-scenting clings! See! how the Morning Dews
They sweep, that from their Feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.
Now on firm Land they range; then in the Flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy Pools
Rustling they work their Way; no Holt escapes
Their curious Search. With quick Sensation now
The fuming Vapour stings; flutter their Hearts,
And Joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry Mouth,
In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk,
That with its hoary Head incurv'd salutes
The passing Wave, must be the Tyrant's Fort
And dread Abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the Root incessant bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives along! 430
Th' ascending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.
Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat
Into the shelt'ring Deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The Pack plunge headlong, and pretended Spears
Menace Destruction, While the troubled Surge 435
Indignant

BOOK IV. THE CHACE. 199

Indignant foams, and call the scaly Kind
Affrighted, hide their Heads! Wild Tumult reigns,
And loud Uproar. Ah, there once more he vents! See, that bold Hound has seiz'd him; down they sink,
Together lost! But soon shall he repent: 44a
His rash Assaulter. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half drown'd, and clammers up the slipp'ry Bank
With Ouze and Blood distain'd. Of all the Brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Use,
This artful Diver best can bear the Want 445
Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight
Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there
He lives not long; but Respiration needs
Proper Intervals. Again he vents;
Gain the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd 450
His Neck; the crimson Waves confess the Wound.
Bld is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Guest;
There-e'er he flies, with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts, sure Guide to ev'ry Foe.
Why he groans, nor can his tender Wound 455
Near the cold Stream. Lo! to yon sedgy Bank
Creeps disconsolate; his num'rous Foes

BOOK IV. THE ICHACE.

3001

But vain, alas! is Wealth, not grac'd with Pow'r.

The flow'ry Landskip, and the gilded Dome,
And Vista's op'ning to the weary'd Eye 480

Thro' all his wide Domain; the planted Grove,
The shrubby Wilderness, with its gay Choir
Of warbling Birds, can't lull to soft Repose
Th' ambitious Wretch, whose discontented Soul
Is harrow'd Day and Night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his Prince's Favour makes him great. 486

See there he comes, th' exalted Idol comes!
The Circle's form'd, and all his fawning Slaves
Devoutly bow to Earth; from ev'ry Mouth
The nauseous Flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With Promises, that die as soon as born.

Vile Intercourse! where Virtue has no Place.
Frown but the Monarch, all his Glories fade;
He mingles with the Throng, outcast, undone,
The Pageant of a Day; without one Friend
To sooth his tortur'd Mind; all, all are fled;
For, tho' they bask'd in his meridian Ray,

The Insects vanish as his Beams decline.

NOT such our Friends; for here no dark Design,
 No wicked Interest bribes the venal Heart; 500
 But Inclination to our Bosom leads,
 And weds them there for Life; our social Cups
 Smile as we smile; open and unrevered,
 We speak our inmost Souls; Good-humour, Mirth,
 Soft Complaisance, and Wit from Malice free, 505
 Smooth ev'ry Brow, and glow on ev'ry Cheek.

O Happiness sincere! what Wretch would groan
 Beneath the galting Load of Pow'r, or walk
 Upon the slipp'ry Pavements of the Great,
 Who thus cou'd reign unenvy'd and secure? 510

Ye guardian Pow'rs, who make Mankind your Care,
 Give me to know wise Nature's hidden Depths,
 Trace each mysterious Cause, with Judgment read
 Th' expanded Volume, and submiss adore
 That great creative Will, who, at a Word 515
 Spoke forth the wond'rous Scene. But if my Soul,
 To this gross Clay confin'd, flutters on Earth
 With less ambitious Wing; unskill'd to range
 From Orb to Orb, where Newton leads the Way;

TOM

And

Book IV. THE CHACE 103

And view with piercing Eye the grand Machine,
Worlds above Worlds, subservient to his Voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded Majesty, alone
Gives Light to all; bids the great System move,
And changeful Seasons in their Turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd himself. Yet this, at least, 525
Grant me propitious, an inglorious Life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false Pursuits
Of Wealth or Honours; but enough to raise
My drooping Friends, preventing modest Want,
That dares not ask. And if, to crown my Joys, 530
Ye grant me Health, that, ruddy in my Cheeks,
Blooms in my Life's Decline; Fields, Woods, and
Streams, I

Each tow'ring Hill, each humble Vale below,
Shall hear my clearing Voice, my Hounds shall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' Horizon round. 535

AOBBIWOT

THE KURAKAMES

MEBOUR

THE FOOL

HOBBINOL,

OR THE
RURAL GAMES.

A

BURLESQUE POEM,

In BLANK VERSE.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

*Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, & angustis bunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum
Castalian molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

VIRG. Georg. Lib. III.

0 T

И ТЯ АРДОН

ERMIT made him to make choice of
yon for my portion; being type greatest
Master in the world. **W**hat is
deed you have done? **A**nd
boeticus Boethius is best to the Hebrews
Aet remepper, in that we have speech, and
Mardon styp Ego. **U**nto our Fathers
Yom Purim, in the month of Adar; because we are
thus all on Friday in the country, and I shall
be come to you, as I have told you, to the
soote to the **T**hief **L**oquart **H**of **D**eth on Opley
of our Riddens, and I will be come to the
of some terrible thing, which is about to happen
when it is, I myself have been told, when
you are to have a great many more
Robets than you have. **S**ince in this, they will be
Caypion well satisfied, as he is, and by
this good. **I**ts

T O

Mr. H O G A R T H.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my Patron, being the greatest Master in the Burlesque Way. In this indeed you have some Advantage of your poetical Brethren, that you paint to the Eye; yet remember, Sir, that we give Speech, and Motion, and a greater Variety to our Figures. Your Province is the Town; leave me a small Out-ride in the Country, and I shall be content. In this, at least, let us both agree, to make Vice and Folly the Object of our Ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of some service to Mankind. I am,

S I R,

Your Admirer, and
Most humble Servant,

W. S.

PREFACE

NOTHING is more common than for us poor Bards, when we have acquired a little Reputation, to print ourselves into Disgrace. We climb the *Aonian Mount* with Difficulty and Toil, we receive the Bays for which we languish'd; till, grasping still at more, we lose our Hold, and fall at once to the Bottom.

THE Author of this Piece would not thus be *Felo de se*, nor would he be murdered by Persons unknown. But as he is satisfied, that there are many imperfect Copies of this Trifle dispersed abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he shall soon be exposed to View in such an Attitude, as he would not care to appear in; He thinks it most prudent in this desperate Case to throw himself on the Mercy of the Public; and offer this whimsical Work a voluntary Sacrifice, in hope that he stands a better Chance for their Indulgence, now it has received his last Hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

THE Poets of almost all Nations have celebrated the Games of their several Countries. HOMER began, and all the mimic Tribe followed the Example of that great Father of Poetry. Even our own MILTON, who laid his Scene beyond the Limits of this sublunary World, has found Room for Descriptions of this Sort, and has performed it in a more sublime Manner, than any who went before him. His, indeed, are

are Sports; but they are the Sports of Angels. This Gentleman has endeavoured to do Justice to his Countrymen, the BRITISH Free-holders, who, when dressed in their Holy-day Cloaths, are by no means Persons of a despicable Figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest Heroe in the *Iliad*. There is also some Use in Descriptions of this Nature, since nothing gives us a clearer Idea of the Genius of a Nation, than their Sports and Diversions. If we see People dancing, even in wooden Shoes, and a Fiddle always at their Heels, we are soon convinced of the Levity and volatile Spirit of those merry Slaves. The famous Bull-Feasts are an evident Token of the Quixotism and Romantic Taste of the SPANIARDS. And a Country Wake is too sad an Image of the Infirmitieis of our own People: We see nothing but broken Heads, Bottles flying about, Tables overturned, outrageous Drunkenness, and eternal Squabble.

Thus much of the Subject. It may not be improper to touch a little upon the Style. One of the greatest Poets and most candid Critics of this Age, has informed us that there are two Sorts of Burlesque.

Be pleased to take it in his own Words, SPECTATOR, Numb. 242. "Burlesque (says he) is of two Kinds.

" The first represents mean Persons in the Accoutrements of Heroes; the other, great Persons acting and speaking like the basest among the People.

Don Quixot is an Instance of the first, and JIN LUCIAN's Gods of the second. It is a Dispute among the Critics, whether Burlesque runs best in

Heroic, like the DISPENSARY; or in Doggrel, like that of HÜDIBRAS. I think where the low Character is to be raised, the Heroic is the most proper

Measure; but where an Heroe is to be pulled down
" and

“ and degraded, it is best done in Doggett.” Thus far MR. ADDISON. If therefore the Heroic is the proper Measure, where the low Character is to be raised, MILTON’s Style must be very proper in the Subject here treated of, because it raises the low Character more than is possible to be done under the Restraint of Rhyme; and the Ridicule chiefly consists in raising that low Character. I beg Leave to add the Authority of MR. SMITH, in his Poem upon the Death of MR. JOHN PHILIPS. The whole Passage is so very fine, and gives so clear an Idea of his Manner of writing, that the Reader will not think his Labour lost in running it over.

Oh various Bard! you all our Pow’rs controul,
 You now disturb, and now divert the Soul.
 MILTON and BUTLER in thy Muse combine;
 Above the last thy manly Beauties shine.
 For as I’ve seen two Rival Wits contend,
 One gayly charge, one gravely-wise defend;
 That on quick Turns, and Points in vain relies;
 This with a Look demure, and steddy Eyes,
 With dry Rebukes, and sneering Praise replies;
 So thy grave Lines extort a juster Smile,
 Reach BUTLER’s Fancy, but surpass his Style.
 He speaks SCARRON’s low Phrase in humble Strains,
 In thee the solemn Air of great CERVANTES reigns.
 What sounding Lines his abject Themes express!
 What shining Words the pompous SHILLING dress!
 There, there my Cell, immortal made, outvies
 The frailer Piles, that o’er its Ruins rise.
 In her best Light the Comic Muse appears,
 When she with borrow’d Pride the Buskin wears.

So

So when Nurse NOKES to act young AMMON tries,
 With shambling Legs, long Chin, and foolish Eyes,
 With dangling Hands he strokes th' imperial Robe,
 And with a Cuckold's Air commands the Globe,
 The Pomp, and Sound the whole Buffoon display'd,
 And AMMON's Son more Mirth than GOMEZ made.

But here it may be objected, that this Manner of writing contradicts the Rule in HORACE:

Veribus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.

MONSIEUR BOILEAU, in his Dissertation upon the *Joconde*, of DE LA FONTAINE, quotes this Passage in HORACE, and observes, *Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une chose grande en style bas, aussi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une Histoire comique & absurde en Termes graves & serieux.* But then he justly adds this Exception to the general Rule in HORACE; *à moins que ce sérieux ne soit affecté tout exprès pour rendre la chose encore plus burlesque.* If the Observation of that celebrated Critic, Monsieur DACIER, is true, HORACE himself, in the same Epistle to the PISO's, and not far distant from the Rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the Burlesque by the Help of the Sublime, in his Note upon this Verse:

*Debemur Morti nos nostraque; five receptus
 Terrâ Neptunus —*

And upon the five following Verses has this general Remark: *Toutes ces Expressions nobles qu' HORACE entasse dans ces fix vers servent à rendre plus plaisante cette Chute:*

Ne dum Verborum stet Honos. —

Car

Car rien ne contribue tant au Ridicule que le Grand.
 He indeed would be severe upon himself alone, who should censure this Way of writing, when he must plainly see, that it is affected on purpose, only to raise the Ridicule, and give the Reader a more agreeable Entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry Tale so much, as its being delivered with a grave and serious Air. Our Imaginations are agreeably surprised, and fond of a Pleasure so little expected. Whereas he, who would bespeak our Laughter by an affected Grinace and ridiculous Gestures, must play his Part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the Idea he has raised. It is true, VIRGIL was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean Subject;

*Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
 Quam sit, & angustis hunc addere rebus bonorum.*
 But tells us for our Encouragement in another Place,
*In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria, siquem
 Numinis lava finunt, auditque vocatus APOLLO.*

Mr. ADDISON is of the same Opinion, and adds, that the Difficulty is very much increased by writing in Blank Verse. "The English and French (says he) " who always use the same Words in Verse, as in " ordinary Conversation, are forced to raise their " Language with Metaphors and Figures, or by the " Pompousness of the whole Phrase, to wear off any " Littleness, that appears in the particular Parts that " compose it. This makes our Blank Verse, where " there is no Rhyme to support the Expression, ex- " tremely difficult to such as are not Masters of the " Tongue; especially when they write upon low Sub- " jects." *Remarks upon Italy, p. 99.* But there is even

even yet a greater Difficulty behind: The Writer in this Kind of Burlesque must not only keep up the Pomp and Dignity of the Style, but an artful Sneer should appear through the whole Work; and every Man will judge, that it is no easy Matter to blend together the *Hero* and the *Harlequin*.

If any Person should want a Key to this Poem, his Curiosity shall be gratified: I shall, in plain Words, tell him, " It is a Satire against the Luxury, the " Pride, the Wantonness, and quarrelsome Temper " of the middling Sort of People." As these are the proper and genuine Causes of that barefaced Knavery, and almost universal Poverty, which reign without Control in every Place; and, as to these we owe our many bankrupt Farmers, our Trade decayed, and Lands uncultivated; the Author has Reason to hope that no honest Man, who loves his Country, will think this short Reproof out of Season: For, perhaps, this merry Way of bantering Men into Virtue, may have a better Effect, than the most serious Admonitions; since many, who are proud to be thought Immoral, are not very fond of being Ridiculous.

P R A T I C A

ARGUMENT of the First CANTO.

Proposition. *Invocation addressed to Mr. JOHN PHILIPS, Author of the Cyder Poem and Splendid Shilling. Description of the Vale of Evesham. The Seat of HOBBINOL; HOBBINOL a great Man in his Village, seated in his Wicker smoking his Pipe, has one only Son. Young HOBBINOL's Education, bred up with GANDERETTA his near Relation. Young HOBBINOL and GANDERETTA chosen King and Queen of May. Her Dress and Attendants. The May-Games. TWANGDILLO the Fidler, his Character. The Dancing. GANDERETTA's extraordinary Performance. Bag-pipes good Music in the Highlands. MILONIDES, Master of the Ring, disciplines the Mob; proclaims the several Prizes. His Speech. PASTOREL takes up the Belt. His Character, his Heroic Figure, his Confidence. HOBBINOL, by Permission of GANDERETTA, accepts the Challenge, vaults into the Ring. His honourable Behaviour, escapes a Scow'ring. GANDERETTA's Agony. PASTOREL foiled. GANDERETTA not a little pleased.*

HOBBINOL, OR THE RURAL GAMES.

CANTO I.

WHAT old MENALCAS at his Feast reveal'd
I sing, strange Feats of antient Prowess, Deeds
Of high Renown, while all his list'ning Guests
With eager Joy receiv'd the pleasing Tale.

O Thou! who late on VAGA's flow'ry Banks
Slumb'ring secure, with ^b Stirrom well bedew'd,
Fallacious Cask, in sacred Dreams wer't taught
By ancient Seers, and MERLIN Prophet old,
To raise ignoble Themes with Strains sublime,
Be thou my Guide! while I thy Track pursue.

* Mr. John Philips, Author of the Cyder-Poem.
† Strong Herefordshire Cyder.

With Wing unequal, thro' the wide Expanse
 Advent'rous range, and emulate thy Flights.

IN that rich ^c Vale, where with ^d Dobunian Fields
 Cornavian Borders meet, far fam'd of old
 For ^e MONTFORT's hapless Fate, undaunted Earl;
 Where from her fruitful Urn AVONA pours
 Her kindly Torrent on the thirsty Glebe,
 And pillages the Hills t'enrich the Plains;
 On whose luxuriant Banks Flow'rs of all Hues
 Start up spontaneous; and the teeming Soil
 With hasty Shoots prevents its Owner's Pray'r:
 The pamper'd wanton Steer, of the sharp Ax
 Regardless, that o'er his devoted Head
 Hangs menacing, crops his delicious Bane,
 Nor knows the Price is Life, with envious Eye
 His lab'ring Yoke-fellow beholds his Plight,
 And deems him blest, while on his languid Neck
 In solemn Sloth he tugs the ring-ring Plough;
 So blind are Mortals, of each other's State,
 Misjudging, self-deceiv'd. Here as Supreme

^c Vale of Evesham. ^d Gloucestershire. ^e Worcestershire.
 Simon de Montfort, kill'd at the Battle of Evesham.

Stern HOBBINOL in rural Plenty reigns,
O'er wide extended Fields, his large Domain.
Th' obsequious Villagers, with Look submiss
Observant of his Eye, or when with Seed
T' impregnate Earth's fat Womb, or when to bring
With clam'rous Joy the bearded Harvest home.

HERE, when the distant Sun lengthens the Nights,
When the keen Frosts the shiv'ring Farmer warn
To broach his mellow Cask, and frequent Blasts
Instruct the crackling Billets how to blaze,
In his warm Wicker-Chair, whose pliant Twigs
In close Embraces join'd, with spacious Arch
Vault the thick-woven Roof, the bloated Churl
Loiters in State, each Arm reclin'd is propt
With yielding Pillows of the softest Down.
In Mind compos'd, from short coeval Tube
He sucks the Vapours bland, thick curling Clouds
Of Smoak around his reeking Temples play,
Joyous he sits, and impotent of Thought
Puffs away Care and Sorrow from his Heart.
How vain the Pomp of Kings! Look down, ye Great,

And view with envious Eye the downy Nest,
Where soft Repose, and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by Wealth, and unrestrain'd by Pow'r.

ONE Son alone had blest his bridal Bed,
Whom good CALISTA bore, nor long surviv'd
To share a Mother's Joy, but left the Babe
To his paternal Care. An Orphan Niece
Near the same Time his dying Brother sent,
To claim his kind Support. The helpless Pair
In the same Cradle slept, nurs'd up with Care
By the same tender Hand, on the same Breasts
Alternate hung with Joy; 'till Reason dawn'd,
And a new Light broke out by slow Degrees:
Then on the Floor the pretty Wantons play'd,
Gladding the Farmer's Heart with growing Hopes,
And Pleasures erst unfelt. Whene'er with Cares
Oppress'd, when weary'd, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmless Prattle sooth'd his troubled Soul,
Say, HOBBINOL, what Extasies of Joy
Trill'd thro' thy Veins, when climbing for a Kiss
With little Palms they strok'd thy grizly Beard,

Or

Or round thy Wicker whirld their ratt'ling Cars?
Thus from their earliest Days bred up, and train'd
To mutual Fondness, with their Stature grew
The thriving Passion. What Love can decay
That roots so deep! Now rip'ning Manhood curld
On the gay Stripling's Chin; her panting Breasts,
And trembling Blushes glowing on her Cheeks,
Her secret Wish betray'd. She at each Mart
All Eyes attracted; but her faithful Shade,
Young HOBBINOL, ne'er wander'd from her Side.
A Frown from him dash'd ev'ry Rival's Hopes.
For he, like PELEUS' Son, was prone to Rage,
Inexorable, swift like him of Foot
With Ease cou'd overtake his dastard Foe,
Nor spar'd the suppliant Wretch. And now approach'd
Those merry Days, when all the Nymphs and Swains,
In solemn Festivals and rural Sports,
Pay their glad Homage to the blooming Spring.
Young HOBBINOL by joint Consent is rais'd
T' imperial Dignity, and in his Hand
Bright GANDERETTA tripp'd, the jovial Queen
Of MAIA's gaudy Month, profuse of Flow'rs.

From each enamel'd Mead th' attendant Nymphs
Loaded with od'rous Spoils, from these select
Each Flow'r of gorgeous Die, and Garlands weave
Of party-colour'd Sweets; each busy Hand
Adorns the jocund Queen: In her loose Hair,
That to the Winds in wanton Ringlets plays,
The tufted Cowslips breathe their faint Perfumes,
On her resplendent Brow, as Crystal clear,
As Parian Marble smooth, *Narcissus* hangs
His drooping Head, and views his Image there,
Unhappy Flow'r! *Pansies* of various Hue,
Iris, and *Hyacinth*, and *Asphodel*,
To deck the Nymph, their richest Liv'ries wear,
And lavish all their Pride. Not FLORA's self
More lovely smiles, when to the dawning Year
Her op'ning Bosom heav'nly Fragrance breathes.

SEE on yon verdant Lawn, the gath'ring Crowd
Thickens a'main; the buxom Nymphs advance
Usher'd by jolly Clowns; Distinctions cease
Lost in the common Joy, and the bold Slave
Leans on his wealthy Master, unreprov'd:

The Sick no Pains can feel, no Wants the Poor.

Round his fond Mother's Neck the smiling Babe

Exulting clings; hard by, decrepit Age

Prop'd on his Staff, with anxious Thought revolves

His Pleasures past, and casts his grave Remarks

Among the heedless Throng. The vig'rous Youth

Strips for the Combat, hopeful to subdue

The Fair One's long Disdain, by Valour now

Glad to convince her coy erroneous Heart,

And prove his Merit equal to her Charms.

Soft Pity pleads his Cause; blushing she views

His brawny Limbs, and his undaunted Eye,

That looks a proud Defiance on his Foes.

Resolv'd, and obstinately firm he stands;

Danger, nor Death he fears, while the rich Prize

Is Victory and Love. On the large Bough

Of a thick-spreading Elm TWANGDILLO sits:

One Leg on *Ister's* Banks the hardy Swain

Left undismay'd, *BELLONA's* Light'ning scorch'd

His manly Visage, but in Pity left

One Eye secure. He many a painful Bruise

Intrepid felt, and many a gaping Wound,

For brown KATE's Sake, and for his Country's Weal,
Yet still the merry Bard without Regret
Bears his own Ills, and with his sounding Shell,
And comic Phyz, relieves his drooping Friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd Cat-gut squeals,
He tickles ev'ry String, to ev'ry Note
He bends his pliant Neck, his single Eye
Twinkles with Joy, his active Stump beats Time;
Let but this subtle Artist softly touch
The trembling Chords, the faint expiring Swain
Trembles no less, and the fond yielding Maid
Is tweedled into Love. See with what Pomp
The gaudy Bands advance in trim Array!
Love beats in ev'ry Vein, from ev'ry Eye
Darts his contagious Flames. They frisk, they bound:
Now to brisk Airs, and to the speaking Strings
Attentive, in Mid-way the Sexes meet,
Joyous their adverse Fronts they close, and press
To strict Embrace, as resolute to force
And storm a Passage to each other's Heart;
'Till by the varying Notes forewarn'd, back they
Recoil disparted: Each with longing Eyes

Pursues his Mate retiring, 'till again
The blended Sexes mix; then Hand in Hand
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In Mazes intricate. The jocund Troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful Toil, incessant shake
Their uncouth brawny Limbs, and knock their Heels
Sonorous; down each Brow the trickling Balm
In Torrents flows, exhaling Sweets refresh
The gazing Crowd, and heav'nly Fragrance fills
The Circuit wide. So danc'd in Days of Yore,
When ORPHEUS play'd a Lesson to the Brutes,
The list'ning Savages; the speckled Pard
Dandled the Kid, and with the bounding Roe
The Lion gambol'd. But what heav'nly Muse
With equal Lays shall GANDERETTA sing,
When Goddess-like she skims the verdant Plain,
Gracefully gliding? Ev'ry ravish'd Eye
The Nymph attracts, and ev'ry Heart she wounds,
Thee most, transported HOBBINOL! Lo, now,
Now to thy op'ning Arms she skuds along,
With yielding Blushes glowing on her Cheeks,
And Eyes that sweetly languish; but too soon,

Too soon, alas ! she flies thy vain Embrace,
 But flies to be pursu'd ; nimbly she trips,
 And darts a Glance so tender, as she turns,
 That with new Hopes reliev'd, thy Joys revive,
 Thy Stature's rais'd, and thou art more than Man,
 Thy stately Port, and more majestic Air,
 And ev'ry sprightly Motion speaks thy Love.

To the loud Bag-pipe's solemn Voice attend,
 Whose rising Winds proclaim a Storm is nigh.
 Harmonious Blasts ! that warm the frozen Blood
 Of Caledonia's Sons to Love, or War,
 And cheer their drooping Hearts, robb'd of the Sun's
 Enliv'ning Ray, that o'er the snowy *Alps*
 Reluctant peeps, and speeds to better Climes.

FORTHWITH in hoary Majesty appears
 One of gigantic Size, but Visage wan,
 MILONIDES the Strong, renown'd of old
 For Feats of Arms, but, bending now with Years,
 His Trunk unwieldy from the verdant Turf
 He rears deliberate, and with his Plant
 Of toughest Virgin Oak in rising aids

His trembling Limbs; his bald and wrinkled Front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious Scar, bespeaks
Submissive Reverence. He with Count'nance grim
Boasts his past Deeds, and with redoubled Strokes
Marshals the Crowd, and forms the Circle wide.
Stern Arbiter! like some huge Rock he stands,
That breaks th' incumbent Waves; they thronging press
In Troops confus'd, and rear their foaming Heads
Each above each, but from superior Force
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest View
A liquid Theatre. With Hands uplift,
And Voice Stentorian, he proclaims aloud
Each rural Prize. " To him whose active Foot
" Foils his bold Foe, and rivets him to Earth,
" This Pair of Gloves, by curious Virgin Hands
" Embroider'd, seam'd with Silk, and fring'd with
" Gold.
" To him, who best the stubborn Hilts can wield,
" And bloody Marks of his Displeasure leave
" On his Opponent's Head, this Beaver white,
" With Silver Edging grac'd, and Scarlet Plume.
" Ye taper Maidens! whose impetuous Speed
" Outflies

" Outflies the Roe, nor bends the tender Grass,
 " See here this Prize, this rich lac'd Smock behold,
 " White as your Bosoms, as your Kisses soft.
 " Blest Nymph! whom bounteous Heav'n's peculiar
 " Grace
 " Allots this pompous Vest, and worthy deems
 " To win a Virgin, and to wear a Bride."

THE Gifts resplendent dazzle all the Crowd,
 In speechless Admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
 Ev'n he who now each glorious Palm displays,
 In fullen Silence views his batter'd Limbs,
 And sighs his Vigour spent. Not so appall'd
 Young PASTOREL, for active Strength renown'd:
 Him *Ida* bore, a Mountain Shepherdess,
 On the bleak Woald the new-born Infant lay,
 Expos'd to Winter Snows, and Northern Blasts
 Severe. As Heroes old, who from great Jove
 Derive their proud Descent, so might he boast
 His Line paternal: But be thou, my Muse!
 No leaky Blab, nor painful Umbrage give
 To wealthy 'Squire, or doughty Knight, or Peer
 Of

Of high Degree. Him ev'ry shouting Ring
In Triumph crown'd, him ev'ry Champion feard,
From ² *Kiftsgate* to remotest ³ *Henbury*.
High in the Midst the brawny Wrestler stands,
A stately tow'ring Object; the tough Belt
Measures his ample Breast, and shades around
His Shoulders broad; proudly secure he kens
The tempting Prize, in his presumpt'ous Thought,
Already gain'd; with partial Look the Crowd
Approve his Claim: But *HOBBINOL*, enrag'd
To see th' important Gifts so cheaply won,
And uncontested Honours tamely lost,
With lowly Rev'rence thus accosts his Queen:

“ FAIR Goddess! be propitious to my Vows;
“ Smile on thy Slave, nor *HERCULES* himself
“ Shall rob us of this Palm: That Boaster vain
“ Far other Port shall learn.” She, with a Look
That pierc'd his inmost Soul, smiling applauds
His gen'rous Ardour, with aspiring Hope
Distends his Breast, and stirs the Man within:
Yet much, alas! she fears, for much she loves.
Two Hundreds in Gloucestershire.

So from her Arms the *Papbian* Queen dismiss'd
The Warious God, on glorious Slaughter bent, of
Provok'd his Rage, and with her Eyes inflam'd
Her haughty Paramour. Swift as the Winds
Dispel the fleeting Mists, at once he strips
His Royal Robes; and with a Frown that chill'd
The Blood of the proud Youth, active he bounds
High o'er the Heads of Multitudes reclin'd;
But as besem'd one, whose plain honest Heart,
Nor Passion foul, nor Malice dark as Hell,
But Honour pure, and Love divine had fir'd
His Hand presenting, on his sturdy Foe
Disdainfully he smiles; then, quick as Thought,
With his Left-hand the Belt, and with his Right
His Shoulder seiz'd fast-griping; his Right-foot
Essay'd the Champion's Strength, but firm he stood,
Fix'd as a Mountain-Ash, and in his Turn
Repaid the bold Affront; his horny Fist
Fast on his Back he clos'd, and shook in Air
The cumb'rous Load. Nor Rest, nor Pause allow'd,
Their watchful Eyes instruct their busy Feet;
They pant, they heave, each Nerve, each Sinew's strain'd.

Grasping

Grasping they close, beneath each painful Gripe,
The livid Tumours rise, in briny Streams.
The Sweat distills, and from their batter'd Shins
The clotted Gore distains the beaten Ground.
Each Swain his Wish, each trembling Nymph conceals
Her secret Dread; while ev'ry panting Breast
Alternate Fears, and Hopes, depress or raise.
Thus long in dubious Scale the Contest hung,
Till PASTOREL, impatient of Delay,
Collecting all his Force, a furious Stroke
At his Left-ankle aim'd, 'twas Death to fall,
To stand impossible. O GANDERETTA!
What Horrors frize thy Sonn on thy pale Cheeks!
The Roses fade, But wav'ring long in Air,
Not firm on Foot, not as yet wholly fallen,
On his Right-knee he slip'd, and nimbly escap'd
The foul Disgrace. Thus on the slacken'd Rope
The wingy-footed Artist, frail Support!
Stands tott'ring; now in dreadful Shrieks the Crowd
Lament his sudden Fate, and yield him lost:
He on his Hams, or on his brawny Rump
Sliding secure, derides their vain Distress.

Up starts the vig'rous HOBB'NOL undismay'd,
From Mother Earth like old ANTÆUS rais'd,
With Might redoubled. Clameur and Applause
Shake all the neighb'ring Hills, *Avona's* Banks
Return him loud Acclaim : With ardent Eyes,
Fierce as a Tyger rushing from his Lair,
He grasp'd the Wrist of his insulting Foe.
Then with quick Wheel oblique, his Shoulder-point
Beneath his Breast he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his Head the sprawling Youth he flung:
The hollow Ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The Crowd press forward with tumultuous Din,
Those to relieve their faint expiring Friend,
With Gratulations these. Hands, Tongues, and Caps,
Outrageous Joy proclaim, shrill Fiddles squeak,
Hoarse Bag-pipes roar, and GANDERETTA smiles.

The End of the First CANTO.

ARGU-

Up starts the old man Hobbinol muddyways,

From Water-Earth like old Antiques isis'd,

With wife dependey. Cismon and Albanye

ARGUMENT of the Second CANTO.

THE Fray. TONSORIO, COLLIN, HILDEBRAND,
CUDDY, CINDARAXA, TALGOL, AVARO,
CUBBIN, COLLAKEIN, MUNDUNGO. Sir RHADAMANTH the Justice attended with his Guards, comes to quell the Fray. RHADAMANTH's Speech. Tumult appears'd. GORGONIUS the Butcher takes up the Hilt, his Character. The KIFTSGATIANS Consternation, look wistfully on HOBBINOL; his Speech. The Cudgel-playing. GORGONIUS knock'd down, falls upon TWANGDILLO; his Distress; his Lamentation over his broken Fiddle.

C A N T O II.

LONG while an universal Hubbub loud,
Deaf'ning each Ear, had drown'd each Accent
mild,
'Till biting Taunts, and harsh opprobrious Words
Vile Ut'rance found. How weak are human Minds!
How impotent to stem the swelling Tide,
And without Insolence enjoy Success!
The Vale-Inhabitants, proud, and elate
With Victory, know no Restraint, but give
A Loose to Joy. Their Champion HOBBINOL
Vaunting they raise above that Earth-born Race
Of Giants old, who piling Hills on Hills,
Pelion on *Offa*, with rebellious Aim
Made War on Jove. The sturdy Mountaineers,
Who saw their Mightiest fall'n, and in his Fall
Their Honours past impair'd, their Trophies, won

By

By their proud Fathers, who with Scorn look'd down
Upon the subject Vale, sully'd, despoil'd,
And level'd with the Dust, no longer bear
The keen Reproach. But as when sudden Fire
Seizes the ripen'd Grain, whose bending Ears
Invite the Reaper's Hand, the furious God
In sooty Triumph rides dreadful, upborn
On Wings of Wind, that with destructive Breath
Feed the fierce Flames, from Ridge to Ridge he bounds
Wide-wasting, and pernicious Ruin spreads;
So through the Crowd from Breast to Breast swift flew
The propagated Rage; loud vollied Oaths,
Like Thunder bursting from a Cloud, gave Signs
Of Wrath awak'd. Prompt Fury soon supply'd
With Arms uncouth; tough well-season'd Plants,
Weighty with Lead infus'd, on either Host
Fall thick, and heavy; Stools in Pieces rent,
And Chairs, and Forms, and batter'd Bowls are hurl'd
With fell Intent; like Bombs the Bottles fly
Hissing in Air, their sharp-edg'd Fragments drench'd
In the warm spouting Gore; Heaps driv'n on Heaps
Promiscuous lie. TONSORIO now advanc'd

On the rough Edge of Battle : His broad Front
 Beneath his shining Helm secure, as erst
 Was thine, MAMBRINO, stout *Iberian Knight*!
 Defy'd the rattling Storm, that on his Head
 Fell innocent. A Table's ragged Frame
 In his Right-hand he bore, *Herculean Club*!
 Crowds push'd on Crowds, before his potent Arm
 Fled ignominious; Havock, and Dismay,
 Hung on their Rear. COLLIN, a merry Swain,
 Blithe as the soaring Lark, as sweet the Strains
 Of his soft warbling Lips, that whistling clear
 His lab'ring Team, they toss their Heads well pleas'd,
 In gaudy Plumage deck'd, with stern Disdain
 Beheld this Victor proud; his gen'rous Soul
 Brook'd not the foul Disgrace. High o'er his Head
 His pond'rous Plough-staff in both Hands he rais'd;
 Erect he stood, and stretching ev'ry Nerve,
 As from a forceful Engine, down it fell
 Upon his hollow'd Helm, that yielding sunk
 Beneath the Blow, and with its sharpen'd Edge
 Shear'd both his Ears, they on his Shoulders broad
 Hung ragged. Quick as Thought the vig'rous Youth

Short'ning his Staff, the other End he darts
Into his gaping Jaws. **TONSORIO** fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded Teeth and clotted Gape
Half choak'd, he fled; with him the Host retir'd
Companions of his Shame; all but the stout,
And erst unconquer'd **HILDEBRAND**, brave Man!
Bold Champion of the Hills! thy weighty Blows!
Our Fathers felt dismay'd; to keep thy Polt
Unmov'd, whilom thy Valour's Choice, now fado
Necessity compels; decrepit now
With Age, and stiff with honourable Wounds,
He stands unterrify'd; one Crutch sustains
His Frame Majestic, th' other in his Hand
He wields tremendous; like a Mountain Boar
In Toils inclos'd, he dares his circling Foes.
They shrink aloof, or soon with Shame repent
The rash Assault, the Rustic Heroes fall
In Heaps around. **CUDDY**, a dextrous Youth,
When Force was vain, on fraudulent Art rely'd:
Close to the Ground low cow'ring, unperceiv'd,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked Bill
Cut sheer the frail Support, Prop of his Age:

Reeling, awhile he stood, and menac'd fierce
Th' infidous Swain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone and plough'd the Dust. So the tall Oak,
Old Monarch of the Groves, that long had stood
The Shock of warring Winds, and the red Bolts
Of angry Jov'r, aborn of his leafy Shade
At last, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel Woodman spy the friendly Spur,
His only Hold; that sever'd, soon he nods,
And shakes th' incumber'd Mountain as he falls.

WHEN Manly Valour fail'd, a Female Arm
Restor'd the Fight. As in th' adjacent Booth
Black CINDARAXA's busy Hand prepar'd
The smoaky Viands, she beheld, abash'd,
The routed Host, and all her dastard Friends
Far scatter'd o'er the Plain; their shameful Flight
Griev'd her proud Heart, for hurry'd with the Stream
Ev'n TALGOL too had fled, her darling Boy.
A flaming Brand from off the glowing Hearth
The greasy Heroine snatch'd; o'er her pale Foes
The threat'ning Meteor shone, brandish'd in Air,
OP

Or round their Heads in ruddy Circles play'd
Across the prostrate HILDEBRAND she strode,
Dreadfully bright: The Multitude appall'd
Fled diff'rent Ways, their Beards, their Hair in Flames.
Imprudent she pursu'd, 'till on the Brink
Of the next Pool, with Force united press'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed Sway
Her blazing Arms, into the muddy Lake
The bold Virago fell. Dire was the Fray
Between the warring Elements: of old
Thus *Mulciber*, and *Xanthus*, *Dardan Stream*,
In hideous Battle join'd. Just sinking now
Into the boiling Deep, with suppliant Hands
She beg'd for Life; black Ouse and Filth obscene
Hung in her matted Hair: The shouting Crowd
Insult her Woes, and proud of their Success,
The dripping Amazon in Triumph lead.
Now, like a gath'ring Storm, the rally'd Troops
Blacken'd the Plain. Young TALGOL from their Front,
With a fond Lover's Haste, swift as the Hind,
That, by the Huntsman's Voice alarm'd, had fled,
Panting returns, and seeks the gloomy Brake,

Where

Where her dear Fawn lay hid, into the Booth
Impatient rush'd. But when the fatal Tale
He heard, the dearest Treasure of his Soul
Purloin'd, his CINDY lost; stiffen'd and pale
Awhile he stood; his kindling Ire at length
Burst forth implacable, and injur'd Love
Shot Lightning from his Eyes; a Spit he seiz'd,
Just reeking from the fat Surloyn, a long,
Unwieldy Spear; then with impetuous Rage
Press'd forward on th' embattled Host, that shrunk
At his Approach. The rich AVARO first,
His fleshy Rump bor'd with dishonest Wounds,
Fled bellowing; nor could his num'rous Flocks,
Nor all th' aspiring Pyramids, that grace
His Yard well stor'd, save the penurious Clown.
Here CUBBIN fell; and there young COLLAKIN,
Nor his fond Mother's Pray'rs, nor ardent Vows
Of Love-sick Maids could move relentless Fate.
Where e'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming Lance
He thin'd their Ranks, and all their Battle swerv'd
With many an Inroad gor'd. Then cast around
His furious Eyes, if haply he might find

The

The captive Fair ; her in the Dust he spy'd
Grov'ling, disconsolate ; those Locks, that erst were bright
So bright, shone like the polish'd Jet, defil'd
With Mire impure ; thither with eager Haste
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched Maid
Prostrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping Wounds
And weltring in her Blood, his trembling Hand
Soon drop'd the dreaded Lance ; on her pale Cheeks
Ghastly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing Storm,
That on his bare defenceless Brow fell thick
From ev'ry Arm : O'erpow'r'd at last, down sunk
His drooping Head, on her cold Breast reclin'd.
Hail, faithful Pair ! if aught my Verse avail,
Nor Envy's Spite, nor Time shall e'er efface
The Records of your Fame ; blind *British* Bards,
In Ages yet to come, on festal Days
Shall chant this mournful Tale, while list'ning Nymphs
Lament around, and ev'ry gen'rous Heart
With active Valour glows, and virtuous Love.
How blind is pop'lar Fury ! how perverse,
When Broils intestine rage, and Force controls
Reason and Law ! As the torn Vessel sinks

Between

Between the Burst of adverse Waves o'whelm'd,
So fares it with the neutral Head, between
Contending Parties bruis'd, incessant peal'd won bñA
With random Strokes that undiscerning fall, nñW
Guileless he suffers most, who least offends. bñA
MUNDUNGO from the bloody Field retir'd, nñC bñA
Close in a Corner ply'd the peaceful Bowl; nñC bñA
Incurious he, and thoughtless of Events, wñA
Now deem'd himself conceal'd, wrapt in the Cloud
That issu'd from his Mouth, and the thick Fog nñK A
That hung upon his Brows; but hostile Rage AñO N
Inquisitive found out the rusty Swain, nñC to nñM
His short black Tube down his furr'd Throat impell'd,
Stagg'ring he reel'd, and with tenacious Gripe
The bulky Jordan, that before him stood, wñC to T
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid Freight disgorg'd
Upon the prostrate Clown; flound'ring he lay'd
Beneath the muddy Bey'rage whelm'd, so late
His prime Delight. Thus the luxurious Wasp,
Voracious Insect, by the fragrant Dregs
Allur'd, and in the viscous Nectar plung'd,
His filmy Pennons straggling flaps in vain,

Lost in a Flood of Sweets, Still o'er the Plains
Fierce Onset, and tumultuous Battle spread,
And now they fall, and now they rise, indens'd
With animated Rage, while nought around
Is heard, but Clamour, Shout, and Female Cries,
And Curses mix'd with Groans. Discord on high
Shook her infernal Scourge, and o'er their Heads
Scream'd with malignant Joy; when lo! between
The warring Hosts appear'd sage RHADAMANTH,
A Knight of high Renown. Nor QUIXOT bold,
Nor AMADIS of Gaul, nor HU DIBRAS,
Mirror of Knighthood, e'er cou'd vie with thee,
Great Sultan of the Vale! Thy Front severe,
As humble Indians to their Pagods bow,
The Clowns submis approach. THEMIS to thee
Commits her golden Balance, where she weighs
Th' abandon'd Orphan's Sighs, the Widow's Tears,
By thee gives sure Redress, comforts the Heart
Oppress'd with Woe, and rears the suppliant Knee.
Each bold Offender hides his guilty Head,
Astonish'd, when thy delegated Arm
Draws her vindictive Sword; at thy Command,

Stern Minister of Pow'r Supreme! each Ward
Sends forth her brawny *Myrmidons*, their Clubs
Blazon'd with Royal Arms; dispatchful Haste
Sits earnest on each Brow, and public Care,
Encompass'd round with these his dreadful Guards.
He spur'd his sober Steed, grizled with Age,
And venerably dull; his Stirrups stretch'd
Beneath the Knightly Load; one Hand he fix'd
Upon his Saddle Bow, the other Palm
Before him spread, like some grave Orator
In *Athens*, or free *Rome*, when Eloquence
Subdu'd Mankind, and all the list'ning Crowd
Hung by their Ears on his persuasive Tongue.
He thus the jarring Multitude address'd.

“ *NEIGHBOURS*, and Friends, and Countrymen, the
“ Flow'r

“ Of *Kiftsgate*! ah! what means this impious Broil?

“ Is then the haughty *Gaul* no more your Care?

“ Are *Landen*'s Plains so soon forgot, that thus

“ Ye spill that Blood inglorious, waste that Strength,

“ Which well employ'd, once more might have com-

“ pell'd

“ The

“ The Stripling Anjou to a shameful Flight?
“ Or by your great Forefathers taught, have fix'd
“ The British Standard on *Lutetian* Tow'rs?
“ O Sight odious, detestable! O Times
“ Degenerate, of ancient Honour void!
“ This Fact so foul, so riotous, insults
“ All Law, all Sov'reign Pow'r, and calls aloud
“ For Vengeance; but, my Friends! too well ye know,
“ How slow this Arm to punish, and how bleeds
“ This Heart, when forc'd on rig'rous Extremes.
“ O Countrymen! all, all, can testify
“ My Vigilance, my Care for public Good.
“ I am the Man, who by your own free Choice,
“ Select from all the Tribes, in Senates rul'd
“ Each warm Debate, and empty'd all my Stores
“ Of ancient Science in my Country's Cause.
“ Wise TACITUS, of Penetration deep,
“ Each secret Spring reveal'd, THUANUS bold
“ Breath'd Liberty, and all the mighty Dead,
“ Rais'd at my Call, the British Rights confirm'd;
“ While MUSGRAVE, HOW, and SEYMOUR sneer'd in
“ vain.
“ I am

“ I am the Man, who from the Bench exalt
“ This Voice, still grateful to your Ears, this Voice
“ Which breathes for you alone. Where is the Wretch
“ Distress’d, who in the Cobwebs of the Law is O
“ Entangled, and, in subtil Problems lost, Doge D
“ Seeks not to me for Aid? In Shoals they come T
“ Neglect’d, feeless Clients, nor return w. I MA
“ Unedify’d; scarce greater Multitudes Vio I
“ At Delphi sought the God, to learn their Fate H
“ From his dark Oracles. I am the Man, Heid T
“ Whose watchful Providence beyond the Date O
“ Of this frail Life extends, to future Times V M
“ Beneficent, my useful Schemes shall steer L ms I
“ The Common-weal in Ages yet to come, Bolo
“ Your Childrens Children, taught by me, shall keep
“ Their Rights inviolable; And as Rome v. 10
“ The Sibyl’s sacred Books, tho’ wrote on Leaves W
“ And scatter’d o’er the Ground, with pious Awe
“ Collected; so your Sons shall glean with Care v. 11 B
“ My hallow’d Fragments, ev’ry Scrip divine
“ Consult intent, of more intrinsic Worth v. 11 W
“ Than half a Vatican. Hear me, my Friends!

“ Hear

“ Hear me, my Countrymen ! Oh suffer not
 “ This hoary Head, employ’d for you alone,
 “ To sink with Sorrow to the Grave.” He spoke,
 And veil’d his Bonnet to the Crowd. As when
 The Sov’reign of the Floods o’er the rough Deep
 His awful Trident shakes, its Fury falls,
 The warring Billows on each Hand retire,
 And foam, and rage no more. All now is hush’d,
 The Multitude appeas’d; a cheerful Dawn
 Smiles on the Fields, the waving Throng subsides,
 And the loud Tempest sinks, becalm’d in Peace.

GORONIUS now with haughty Strides advanc’d,
 A Gauntlet seiz’d, firm on his Guard he stood
 A formidable Foe, and dealt in Air
 His empty Blows, a Prelude to the Fight.
 Slaughter his Trade; full many a pamper’d Ox
 Fell by his fatal Hand, the bulky Beast
 Drag’d by his Horns, oft at one deadly Blow,
 His Iron Fist descending crush’d his Skull,
 And left him spurning on the bloody Floor,
 While at his Feet the guiltless Axe was laid.

In dubious Fight of late one Eye he lost,
Bor'd from its Orb, and the next glancing Stroke
Bruis'd sore the rising Arch, and bent his Nose :
Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought Stage,
Hockleian Hero! Nor was more deform'd
The CYCLOPS blind, nor of more monstrous Size,
Nor his void Orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid Gore, severe Revenge,
Of subtil ITHACUS. Terribly gay
In his Buff Doublet, larded o'er with Fat
Of slaughter'd Brutes, the well-oil'd Champion shone.
Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a Frown
Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy Foe.
For now each Combatant, that erst so bold
Vaunted his manly Deeds, in penlive Mood
Hung down his Head, and fix'd on Earth his Eyes,
Pale and dismay'd. On HOBBINOL at last
Intent they gaze, in him alone their Hope,
Each Eye solicits him, each panting Heart
Joins in the silent Suit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their secret Wish, and eas'd their doubting Minds.

“ *YE Men of Kifsgate!* whose wide-spreading Fame
“ In ancient Days were sung from Shore to Shore,
“ To *British* Bards of old a copious Theme ;
“ Too well, alas ! in your pale Cheeks I view
“ Your dastard Souls. O mean, degen’rate Race !
“ But since on me ye call, each suppliant Eye
“ Invites my sov’reign Aid, lo ! here I come,
“ The Bulwark of your Fame, tho’ scarce my Brows
“ Are dry from glorious Toils, just now atchiev’d,
“ To vindicate your Worth. Lo ! here I swear,
“ By all my great Forefathers’ fair Renown,
“ By that illustrious Wicker, where they sate
“ In comely Pride, and in triumphant Sloth
“ Gave Law to passive Clowns ; or on this Spot
“ In Glory’s Prime, your HOBBINOL expires,
“ And from his dearest GANDERETTA’s Arms
“ Sinks to Death’s cold Embrace ; or by this Hand
“ That Stranger, big with Insolence, shall fall
“ Prone on the Ground, and do your Honour Right.”

FORTHWITH the Hilts he seiz’d, but on his Arm
Fond GANDERETTA hung, and round his Neck

Curl'd in a soft Embrace. Honour and Love
A doubtful Contest wag'd, but from her soon
He sprung relentless; all her Tears were vain,
Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleading mild

“ ILL should I merit these imperial Robes,
“ Ensigns of Majesty, by gen’ral Voice
“ Conferr’d, should Pain, or Death itself avail
“ To shake the steddy Purpose of my Soul.
“ Peace, Fair One! Heaven will protect the Man,
“ By thee held dear, and crown thy gen’rous Love.”

HER from the listed Field the Matrons sage
Reluctant drew, and with fair Speeches sooth’d.

Now Front to Front the fearless Champions meet;
GORGORIUS like a Tow’r, whose cloudy Top
Invades the Skies, stood low’ring; far beneath
The Stripling HOBBINOL, with careful Eye
Each Op’ning scans, and each unguarded Space
Measures intent. While negligently bold,
The bulky Combatant, whose Heart elate
Disdain’d his puny Foe, now fondly deem’d
At one decisive Stroke to win, unhurt,

An easy Victory; down came at once
The pond'rous Plant, with fell malicious Rage,
Aim'd at his Head direct; but the tough Hilts,
Swift interpos'd, elude his Effort vain.

The cautious HOBBINOL, with ready Feet
Now shifts his Ground, retreating; then again
Advances bold, and his unguarded Shins
Batters secure; each well-directed Blow

Bites to the Quick; thick as the falling Hail,
The Strokes redoubled peal his hollow Sides.

The Multitude amaz'd with Horror view
The rattling Storm, shrink back at ev'ry Blow,
And seem to feel his Wounds; inly he groan'd,
And gnash'd his Teeth, and from his Blood-shot Eye

Red Lightning flash'd, the fierce tumultuous Rage
Shook all his mighty Fabric; once again
Erect he stands, collected, and resolv'd
To conquer, or to die: Swift as the Bolt

Of angry Jove, the weighty Plant descends.

But wary HOBBINOL, whose watchful Eye
Perceiv'd his kind Intent, slip'd on one Side
Declining; the vain Stroke from such an Height

With such a Force impell'd, headlong drew down
Th' unwieldy Champion: On the solid Ground
He fell rebounding; breathless, and astunn'd,
His Trunk extended lay; sore maim'd, from out
His heaving Breast he belch'd a crimson Flood.
Full leisurely he rose, but conscious Shame
Of Honour lost, his failing Strength renew'd.
Rage, and Revenge, and ever-during Hate,
Blacken'd his stormy Front; rash, furious, blind,
And lavish of his Blood, of random Strokes
He laid on Load; without Design or Art.
Onward he press'd outragious, while his Foe
Encircling wheels, or Inch by Inch retires,
Wise Niggard of his Strength. Yet all thy Care,
O HOBBINOL! avail'd not to prevent
One hapless Blow; o'er his strong Guard the Plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty Point impres'd
His nervous Chine; he wreath'd him to and fro,
Convolv'd, yet thus distress'd, intrepid bore
His Hilts aloft, and guarded well his Head.
So when th'unwary Clown, with hasty Step,
Crushes the folded Snake, her wounded Parts

Grov'ling

Grov'ling she trails along, but her high Crest
Erect she bears; in all its speckled Pride,
She swells inflam'd, and with her fork'y Tongue
Threatens Destruction. With like eager Haste,
Th' impatient HOBBINOL, whose excessive Pain
Stung to his Heart, a speedy Vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the Means; a Feint he made
With well dissembled Guile, his batter'd Shins
Mark'd with his Eyes, and menac'd with his Plant.

GORONIUS, whose long-suff'ring Legs scarce bore
His cumb'rous Bulk, to his Supporters frail
Indulgent, soon the friendly Hilts oppos'd;
Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded Crest
The Stroke delusive fell; a dismal Groan
Burst from his hollow Chest, his trembling Hands
Forsook the Hilts, across the spacious Ring
Backward he reel'd, the Crowd affrighted fly
T' escape the falling Ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard Fate, TWANGDILLO! to receive
His pond'rous Trunk; on thee, on helpless thee,
Headlong, and heavy, the foul Monster fell.
Beneath a Mountain's Weight, th' unhappy Bard

Lay prostrate, nor was more renown'd thy Song,
O Seer of *Thrace*! nor more severe thy Fate,
His vocal Shell, the Solace and Support
Of wretched Age, gave one melodious Scream,
And in a thousand Fragments strow'd the Plain.
The Nymphs, sure Friends to his harmonious Mirth,
Fly to his Aid, his hairy Breast expose
To each refreshing Gale, and with soft Hands
His Temples chafe; at their persuasive Touch
His fleeting Soul returns, upon his Rump
He sate disconsolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the shatter'd Fragments, down again
He sunk expiring; by their friendly Care
Once more reviv'd, he thrice essay'd to speak,
And thrice the rising Sobs his Voice subdu'd:
'Till thus at last his wretched Plight he mourn'd.

“ SWEET Instrument of Mirth! sole Comfort left
“ To my declining Years! whose sprightly Nates
“ Restor'd my Vigour, and renew'd my Bloom,
“ Soft healing Balm to ev'ry wounded Heart!
“ Despairing, dying Swains, from the cold Ground
“ Uprais'd

“ Uprais’d by thee, at thy melodious Call,
“ With ravish’d Ears receiv’d the flowing Joy,
“ Gay Pleasantry, and Care-beguiling Joke,
“ Thy sure Attendants were, and at thy Voice
“ All Nature smil’d. But, oh! this Hand no more
“ Shall touch thy wanton Strings, no more with Lays
“ Alternate, from Oblivion dark redeem
“ The mighty Dead, and vindicate their Fame.
“ Vain are thy Toils, O HOBBINOL! and all
“ Thy Triumphs vain. Who shall record, brave Man!
“ Thy bold Exploits? Who shall thy Grandeur tell,
“ Supreme of *Kiftsgate*? See thy faithful Bard,
“ Despoil’d, undone. O cover me, ye Hills!
“ Whose vocal Clifts were taught my joyous Song.
“ Or thou, fair Nymph, *Avona*! on whose Banks
“ The frolic Crowd, led by my num’rous Strains
“ Their Orgies kept, and frisk’d it o’er the Green,
“ Jocund, and gay, while thy remurm’ring Streams
“ Danc’d by, well pleas’d. Oh! let thy friendly Waves
“ O’erwhelm a Wretch, and hide this Head accr’d.”

So plains the restless PHILOMEL, her Nest,
 And callow Young, the tender growing Hope
 Of future Harmony, and frail Return
 For all her Cares, to barb'rous Churls a Prey ;
 Darkling she sings, the Woods repeat her Moan.

The End of the Second CANTO.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT of the Third CANTO.

GOOD Eating expedient for Heroes. HOMER praised for keeping a Table. HOBBINOL triumphant. GANDERETTA's Bill of Fare. Panegyrick upon Ale. Gossiping over a Bottle. Compliment to Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. GANDERETTA's Perplexity discover'd by HOBBINOL; his consolatory Speech, compares himself to GUY Earl of Warwick. GANDERETTA encouraged, strips for the Race; her amiable Figure. FUSCA the Gypsy, her dirty Figure. TABITHA, her great Reputation for Speed; hired to the Dissenting Academy at Tewksbury. A short Account of GAMALIEL the Master, and his hopeful Scholars. TABITHA carries Weight. The Smock-Race. TABITHA's Fall. FUSCA's short Triumph, her Humiliation. GANDERETTA's matchless Speed. HOBBINOL lays the Prize at her Feet. Their mutual Triumph. The Vicissitude of human Affairs, experienced by HOBBINOL. MOPSA, formerly his Servant, with her two Children appears to him. MOPSA's Speech; assaults GANDERETTA; her Flight. HOBBINOL's prodigious Fright, is taken into Custody by Constables, and drag'd to Sir RHADAMANTH's.

CANTO

CANTO III.

THO' some of old, and some of modern Date,
Penurious their victorious Heroes fed
With barren Praise alone; yet thou, my Muse!
Benevolent, with more indulgent Eyes
Behold th' Immortal HOBBINOL; reward
With due Regalement his triumphant Toils.
Let QUIXOT's hardy Courage, and Renown,
With SANCHO's prudent Care be meetly join'd.

O THOU of Bards supreme, MÆONIDES!
What well-fed Heroes grace thy hallow'd Page!
Laden with glorious Spoils, and gay with Blood
Of slaughter'd Hosts, the Victor Chief returns.
Whole Troy before him fled, and Men, and Gods,
Oppos'd in vain. For the brave Man, whose Arm
Repell'd his Country's Wrong, ev'n he, the great
ATRIDES, King of Kings, ev'n he prepares

With

With his own Royal Hand the sumptuous Feast,
Full to the Brim, the brazen Cauldrons smoke,
Thro' all the busy Camp the rising Blaze
Attest their Joy; Heroes, and Kings forego
Their State, and Pride, and at his Elbow wait
Obsequious. On a polish'd Charger plac'd,
The bulky Chine, with plenteous Fat inlaid,
Of golden Hue, magnificently shines.
The choicest Morsels sever'd to the Gods,
The Hero next, well-paid for all his Wounds,
The rich Repast divides with Jove; from out
The sparkling Bowl he draws the gen'rous Wine,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd; with unstinted Joy
His Heart o'erflows. In like triumphant Port
Sate the victorious HOBBINOL; the Crowd
Transported view, and blefs their glorious Chief:
All *Kiftsgate* sounds his Praise with joint Acclaim.
Him ev'ry Voice, him ev'ry Knee confess'd,
In Merit, as in Right, their King. Upon
The flow'ry Turf, Earth's painted Lap, are spread
The rural Dainties; such as Nature boon
Presents with lavish Hand, or such as owe

To

To GANDERETTA's Care their grateful Taste,
Delicious. For she long since prepar'd
To celebrate this Day, and with good Chear's out
To grace his Triumphs. Crystal Gooseberries
Are piled on Heaps; in vain the Parent Tree
Defends her luscious Fruit with pointed Spears,
The ruby-tinctur'd Corinth clust'ring hangs,
And emulates the Grape; green Codlings float
In dulcet Creams; nor wants the last Year's Store,
The hardy Nut, in solid Mail secure,
Impregnable to Winter Frosts, repays
Its Hoarder's Care. The Custard's jelly'd Flood
Impatient Youth, with greedy Joy, devours.
Cheesecakes and Pyes, in various Forms uprais'd,
In well built Pyramids, aspiring stand.
Black Hams, and Tongues, that speechless can persuade
To ply the brisk Carouse, and cheer the Soul
With jovial Draughts. Nor does the jolly God
Deny his precious Gifts; here jocund Swains,
In uncouth Mirth delighted, sporting, quaff
Their native Bev'rage; in the brimming Glass
The liquid Amber smiles. *Britons, no more*

Dread

Dread your invading Foes; let the false Gaul,
 Of Rule infatiate, potent to deceive,
 And great by subtil Wiles, from th' adverse Shore
 Pour forth his num'rous Hosts; *Iberia!* join
 Thy tow'ring Fleets, once more aloft display
 Thy consecrated Banners, fill thy Sails
 With Pray'rs and Vows, most formidably strong
 In holy Trump'ry, let old Ocean groan
 Beneath thy proud *Armada*, vainly deem'd
 Invincible; yet fruitless all their Toils,
 Vain ev'ry rash Effort, while our fat Glebe,
 Of Barley-Grain productive, still supplies
 The flowing Treasure, and with Sums immense
 Supports the Throne; while this rich Cordial warms
 The Farmer's Courage, arms his stubborn Soul
 With native Honour, and resistless Rage.
 Thus vaunt the Crowd, each free-born Heart o'erflows
 With *Britain's* Glory, and his Country's Love.

HERE, in a merry Knot combin'd, the Nymphs
 Pour out mellifluous Streams, the balmy Spoils
 Of the laborious Bee. The modest Maid

But

But coyly Gps, and blushing Drinks, abash'd,
Each Lover, with observant Eye beholds
Her graceful Shame, and at her glowing Cheeks
Rekindles all his Fires; but Matrons sage,
Better experienc'd, and instructed well
In midnight Mysteries, and Feast-rites old,
Grasp the capacious Bowl; nor cease to draw
The spumy Nectar. Healths of gay Import
Fly merrily about; now Scandal fly
Insinuating gilds the specious Tale
With treach'rous Praise, and with a double Face
Ambiguous Wantonness demurely sneers.
'Till circling Brimmers ev'ry Veil withdraw,
And dauntless Impudence appears unmask'd.
Others apart, in the cool Shade retir'd,
Silurian Cyder quaff, by that great Bard
Ennobled, who first taught my grov'ling Muse
To mount aërial. O! could I but raise
My feeble Voice to his exalted Strains,
Or to the Height of this great Argument,
The gen'rous Liquid in each Line shou'd bounce
Spirit'ous, nor oppressive Cork subdue

Its foaming Rage ; but to the lofty Theme
Unequal, Muse, decline the pleasing Task.

Thus they luxurious, on the grassy Turf,
Revell'd at large : While nought around was heard
But Mirth confus'd, and undistinguish'd Joy,
And Laughter far resounding ; serious Care
Found here no Place, to GANDERETTA's Breast
Retiring ; there with Hopes, and Fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating Mind. Hence the soft Sigh
Escapes unheeded, spight of all her Art ;
The trembling Blushes, on her lovely Cheeks,
Alternate ebb, and flow ; from the full Glass
She flies abstemious, shuns th' untafted Feast.
But careful HOBBINOL, whose am'rous Eye
From hers ne'er wander'd, haunting still the Place
Where his dear Treasure lay, discover'd soon
Her secret Woe, and bore a Lover's Part.
Compassion melts his Soul, her glowing Cheeks
He kiss'd, enamour'd, and her panting Heart
He press'd to his ; then with these soothing Words,
Tenderly smiling, her faint Hopes reviv'd.

"COURAGE, my Fair! the splendid Prize is thine,
 "Indulgent Fortune will not damp our J^{oy}s,
 "Nor blast the Glories of this happy Day.
 "Hear me, ye Swains! Ye Men of Kiftsgate! hear;
 "Tho' great the Honours by your Hands conferr'd,
 "These royal Ornaments, tho' great the Force,
 "Of this puissant Arm, as all must own,
 "Who saw this Day the bold GORGONIUS fall;
 "Yet were I more renown'd for Feats of Arms,
 "And knightly Prowess, than that mighty GUY,
 "So fam'd in antique Song, Warwick's great Earl
 "Who slew the Giant COLBRAND, in fierce Fight
 "Maintain'd a Summer's Day, and freed this Realm
 "From Danish Vassalage; his pond'rous Sword,
 "And maffy Spear, attest the glorious Deed;
 "Nor less his hospitable Soul is seen
 "In that capacious Cauldron, whose large Freight
 "Might feast a Province: Yet were I, like him,
 "The Nation's Pride, like him I cou'd forego
 "All earthly Grandeur, wander thro' the World
 "A jocund Pilgrim, in the lonesome Den,
 "And rocky Cave, with these my royal Hands

“ Scoop the cold Streams, with Herbs, and Roots con-

“ tent,

“ Mean Sustenance; could I by this but gain,

“ For the dear Fair, the Prize her Heart desires,

“ Believe me, charming Maid! I'd be a Worm,

“ The meanest Insect, and the lowest Thing,

“ The World despises, to enhance thy Fame.”

So chear'd he his fair Queen, and she was chear'd.

Now with a noble Confidence inspir'd,

Her Looks assure Success, now strip'd of all

Her cumb'rous Vestments, Beauty's vain Disguise,

She shines unclouded in her native Charms.

Her plaited Hair behind her in a Brede

Hung careless, with becoming Grace each Blush

Vary'd her Cheeks, than the gay rising Dawn

More lovely, when the new-born Light salutes

The joyful Earth, impurpling half the Skies.

Her heaving Breast, thro' the thin Cov'ring view'd,

Fix'd each Beholder's Eye; her taper Thighs,

And Lineaments exact, wou'd mock the Skill

Of PHIDIAS; Nature alone can form

Such due Proportion, To compare with her
Oread, or Dryad, or of *Delia's Train*,
Fair Virgin Huntress, for the Chace array'd
With painted Quiver, and unerring Bow,
Were but to lessen her superior Mien,
And Goddess-like Deport. The Master's Hand,
Rare Artisan! with proper Shades improves
His lively Colouring; so here, to grace
Her brighter Charms, next her upon the Plain
FUSCA the Brown appears, with greedy Eye
Views the rich Prize, her tawny Front erects
Audacious, and with her Legs unclean,
Booted with Grime, and with her freckled Skin
Offends the Crowd. She of the Gypsy Train
Had wander'd long, and the Sun's scorching Rays
Imbrown'd her Visage grim; artful to view
The spreading Palm, and with vile Cant deceiye
The Love-sick Maid, who barters all her Store,
For airy Visions and fallacious Hope.
GORGONIUS, if the current Fame say true,
Her Comrade once, they many a merry Prank
Together play'd, and many a Mile had stroll'd,

For

For him fit Mate. Next TABITHA the Tall
 Strode o'er the Plain, with huge Gigantic Pace,
 And overlook'd the Crowd, known far and near
 For matchless Speed; she many a Prize had won,
 Pride of that neighb'ring Mart, for Mustard fam'd,
 Sharp-biting Grain, where amicably join
 The Sister Floods, and with their liquid Arms
 Greeting embrace. Here GAMALIEL sage,
 Of Cameronian Brood, with ruling Rod
 Trains up his Babes of Grace, instructed well
 In all the gainful Discipline of Pray'r,
 To point the holy Leer, by just Degrees
 To close the twinkling Eye, t'expand the Palms,
 T' expose the Whites, and with the sightless Ball
 To glare upon the Crowd, to raise, or sink
 The docile Voice, now murmur'ring soft and low
 With inward Accent calm, and then again
 In foaming Floods of rapt'rous Eloquence,
 Let loose the Storm, and thunder thro' the Nose
 The threatened Vengeance: Ev'ry Muse profane

* Tewksbury in the Vale of Evesham, where the Avon runs into the Severn.

Mr. Samuel Jones.

Is banish'd hence, and *Hellonian Streams*
Deserted, the fam'd *Leman Lake* supplies
More plenteous Draughts, of more divine Import.
Hail, happy Youths! on whom indulgent Heav'n
Each Grace divine bestows, nor yet denies
Carnal Beatitudes, sweet Privilege
Of Saints elect! Royal Prerogative!
Here in domestic Cares employ'd and bound
To annual Servitude, frail TABITHA
Her pristine Vigour lost, now mourns in vain
Her sharpen'd Visage, and the sickly Qualms
That grieve her Soul; a Prey to Love, while Grace
Slept heedless by: Yet her undaunted Mind
Still meditates the Prize, and still she hopes,
Beneath th' unwieldy Load, her wonted Speed.
Others of meaner Fame the stately Muse
Records not, on more lofty Flights intent
She spurns the Ground, and mounts her native Skies.
Room for the Master of the Ring; ye Swains!
Divide your crowded Ranks. See! there on high
The glitt'ring Prize, on the tall Standard born,
Waving

Waving in Air; before him march in Files
The rural Minstrelsy, the rattling Drum
Of solemn Sound, and th' animating Horn,
Each Huntsman's Joy; the Tabor and the Pipe,
Companion dear at Feasts, whose cheerful Notes
Give Life, and Motion to th' unwieldy Clown.
Ev'n Age revives, and the pale puking Maid
Feels ruddy Health rekindling on her Cheeks,
And with new Vigour trips it o'er the Plain,
Counting each careful Step, he paces o'er
Th' allotted Ground, and fixes at the Goal
His Standard, there himself majestic swells.
Stretch'd in a Line, the panting Rivals wait
Th' expected Signal, with impatient Eyes
Measure the Space between, and in Concise
Already grasp the warm-contested Prize.
Now all at once rush forward to the Goal,
And Step by Step, and Side by Side, they ply
Their busy Feet, and leave the Crowd behind.
Quick heaves each Breast, and quick they shoot along,
Thro' the divided Air, and bound it o'er the Plain,
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals

Short Hopes, short Fears, and momentary Joy,
The breathless Throng, with open Throats pursue,
And broken Accents shout imperfect Praise.
Such Noise confus'd is heard, such wild Uproar,
When on the Main the swelling Surges rise,
Dash o'er the Rocks, and hurrying thro' the Flood,
Drive on each others Backs, and crowd the Strand.
Before the rest tall TABITHA was seen,
Stretching a main, and whirling o'er the Field;
Swift as the Shooting Star, that gilds the Night
With rapid transient Blaze, she runs, she flies;
Sudden she stops, not longer can endure
The painful Course, but drooping sinks away,
And like that falling Meteor, there she lies
A Jelly cold on Earth. Fusca with Joy
Beheld her wretched Plight; o'er the pale Corse
Insulting bounds; Hope gave her Wings, and now
Exerting all her Speed, Step after Step,
At GANDERETTA's Elbow urg'd her Way,
Her Shoulder pressing, and with pois'nous Breath
Tainting her Iv'ry Neck. Long while had held
The sharp Contest, had not propitious Heav'n

With partial Hands to such transcendent Charms
Dispens'd its Favours. For as o'er the Green
The careless Gypsy, with incautious Speed,
Push'd forward, and her Rival Fair had reach'd
With equal Pace, and only not o'erpass'd :
Haply she treads, where late the merry Train,
In wasteful Luxury, and wanton Joy
Lavish had spilt the Cyder's frothy Flood,
And Mead with Custard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,
And in the treach'rous Puddle struggling long,
She slip'd, she fell, upon her Back supine
Extended lay ; the laughing Multitude
With noisy Scorn approve her just Disgrace.
As the slick Lev'ret skims before the Pack,
So flies the Nymph, and so the Crowd pursue.
Borne on the Wings of Wind the Dear One flies,
Swift as the various Goddess, nor less bright
In Beauty's Prime ; when thro' the yielding Air
She darts along, and with refracted Rays
Paints the gay Clouds ; celestial Messenger,
Charg'd with the high Behests of Heav'n's great Queen !
Her at the Goal with open Arms receiv'd

Fond HOBBINOL, with active Leap he leiz'd
The costly Prize, and laid it at her Feet.
Then pausing stood, dumb with Excess of Joy,
Expressive Silence! for each tender Glance
Betray'd the Raptures, that his Tongue conceal'd.
Less mute the Crowd, in echoing Shouts, applaud'd
Her Speed, her Beauty, his obsequious Love!

UPON a little Eminence, whose Top
O'erlook'd the Plain, a steep, but short Ascent,
Plac'd in a Chair of State, with Garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the Fragrance of the Spring,
Fair GANDERETTA shone; like Mother EVE
In her gay Sylvan Lodge, delicious Bow'r!
Where Nature's wanton Hand, above the Reach
Of Rule, or Art, had lavish'd all her Store,
To deck the flow'ry Roof; and at her Side,
Imperial HOBBINOL, with Front sublime,
Great as a *Roman* Consul, just return'd
From Cities sack'd, and Provinces laid waste,
In his paternal Wicker state, enthron'd:
With eager Eyes the Crowd about them press,
Ambitious

Ambitious to behold the happy Pair,
Each Voice, each Instrument, proclaims their Joy
With loudest Vehemence: Such Noise is heard,
Such a tumultuous Din, when, at the Call
Of Britain's Sovereign, the Rustic Bands
O'erspread the Fields; the subtil Candidates
Disembled Homage pay, and court the Fools
Whom they despise; each proud majestic Clown
Looks big, and shouts amain, mad with the Taste
Of Pow'r Supreme, frail Empire of a Day!
That with the setting Sun extinct is lost.

NOR is thy Grandeur, mighty HOBBINOL!
Of longer Date. Short is alas! the Reign
Of mortal Pride: We play our Parts awhile,
And strut upon the Stage; the Scene is chang'd,
And offers us a Dungeon for a Throne.
Wretched Vicissitude! for after all
His tinsel Dreams of Empire and Renown,
Fortune, capricious Dame, withdraws at once
The goodly Prospect, to his Eyes presents
Her, whom his conscious Soul abhor'd and fear'd.
Lo!

Lo! pushing thro' the Crowd, a meagre Form,
With hasty Step, and Village incompos'd!
Wildly she starr'd; Rage sparkled in her Eyes,
And Poverty fate shrinking on her Cheeks.

Yet thro' the Cloud that hung upon her Brows,
A faded Lustre broke, that dimly shone
Shorn of its Beams, the Ruins of a Face,
Impair'd by Time, and shatter'd by Misfortunes.

A froward Babe hung at her flabby Breast,
And tug'd for Life; but wept, with hideous Moan,
His frustrate Hopes, and unavailing Pains.

Another o'er her bending Shoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with Rags of various Hue.

He kens his Comrade-Twin with envious Eye,
As of his Share defrauded; then a main
He also screams, and to his Brother's Cries
In doleful Consort joins his loud Laments.

O dire Effect of lawless Love! O Sting
Of Pleasures past! As when a full-freight Ship,
Blest in a rich Return of Pearl, or Gold,
Or fragrant Spice, or Silks of costly Die,
Makes for the wish'd-for Port with swelling Sails,

And

And all her gaudy Trim display'd; b'erjoy'd
 The Master smiles; but if from some small Creek,
 A lurking Corsair the rich Quarry spies,
 With all her Sails bears down upon her Prey,
 And Peals of Thunder from her hollow Sides
 Check his triumphant Course; aghast he stands,
 Stiffen'd with Fear, unable to resist,
 And impotent to fly; all his fond Hopes
 Are dash'd at once; nought now, alas! remains
 But the sad Choice of Slavery, or Death.
 So far'd it with the hapless HOBBINOL,
 In the full Blaze of his triumphant Joy
 Surpriz'd by her, whose dreadful Face alone
 Cou'd shake his stedfast Soul. In vain he turns,
 And shifts his Place averse; she haunts him still,
 And glares upon him with her haggard Eyes,
 That fiercely spoke her Wrongs. Words swell'd with
 Sighs
 At length burst forth, and thus she storms enrag'd;
 "Know'st thou not me? false Man, not to know
 "me
 Argues

“ Argue’s thyself unknowing of thyself,
“ Puff’d up with Pride, and bloated with Success,
“ Is injur’d MOPSA then so soon forgot?
“ Thou knew’st me once, ah! woe is me! thou did’st.
“ But If laborious Days, and sleepless Nights,
“ If Hunger, Cold, Contempt, and Penury,
“ Inseparable Guests, have thus disgris’d
“ Thy once belov’d, thy Hand-maid dear; if thine
“ And Fortune’s Frowns have blasted all my Charms;
“ If here no Roses grow, no Lillies bloom,
“ Nor rear their Heads on this neglected Face;
“ If thro’ the World I range a slighted Shade,
“ The Ghost of what I was, forlorn, unknown,
“ At least know these. See! this sweet-simp’ring Babe,
“ Dear Image of thyself; see! how it sprunts
“ With Joy at thy Approach! see, how it gilds
“ Its soft smooth Face, with false paternal Smiles!
“ Native Deceit, from thee, base Man, deriv’d!
“ Or view this other Elf, in ev’ry Art
“ Of smiling Fraud, in ev’ry treach’rous Leer,
“ The very HOBBINOL! Ah! cruel Man!
“ Wicked, ingrate! And cou’dst thou then so soon,

“ So

“ So soon forget that pleasing fatal Night,
“ When me beneath the flow’ry Thorn surpriz’d,
“ Thy artful Wiles betray’d? Was there a Star,
“ By which thou didst not swear? Was there a Curse,
“ A Plague on Earth, thou didst not then invoke?
“ On that devoted Head, if e’er thy Heart
“ Prov’d haggard to my Love, if e’er thy Hand
“ Declin’d the nuptial Bond! But, oh! too well,
“ Too well, alas! my throbbing Breast perceiv’d
“ The black impending Storm, the conscious Moon
“ Veil’d in a sable Cloud her modest Face,
“ And boding Owls proclaim’d the dire Event.
“ And yet I love thee.—Oh! cou’dst thou behold
“ That Image dwelling in my Heart! But why?
“ Why waste I here these unavailing Tears?
“ On this thy Minion, on this tawdry Thing,
“ On this gay Victim, thus with Garlands crown’d,
“ All, all, my Vengance fall! Ye Lightnings blast
“ That Face accrûs’d, the Source of all my Woe!
“ Arm, arm, ye Furies! arm; all Hell break loose!
“ While thus I lead you to my just Revenge,
“ And thus”—Upstarts th’ astonish’d HOBBINOL

To

